# ASSIDUITY

## A MEMOIR OF

# R·H·HART

rnia

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

BCookery

# ASSIDUITY.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Digitized for Microsoft Corporation
by the Internet Archive in 2007.
From University of California Libraries.
May be used for non-commercial, personal, research,
or educational purposes, or any fair use.
May not be indexed in a commercial service.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# In Memoriam

Yours truly

R. H. Hart

F. W. NIVEN & CO. BALLARAT.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

*Published under the auspices of the Australian Natives' Association.*

# ASSIDUITY:

BEING A

## Memoir of the late Mr. Richard H. Hart,

*OF STAWELL*

(SOME TIME PRESIDENT OF THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION).

BY THE

*REV. THOS. WILLIAMS.*

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

*PRICE* - - - - - *3s. 6d.*

*BALLARAT:*
PRINTED BY F. W. NIVEN & CO., 34 STURT STREET.

MDCCCLXXXVI.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

DU
222
H25 W67

# INDEX.

---

*Frontispiece :—Portrait of Mr. R. H. Hart.*

---


| | Page |
|---|---|
| PREFACE ... ... ... ... ... | i. |
| INTRODUCTION ... ... ... ... | 7 |
| Parentage, Childhood, and Early Boyhood ... ... | 12 |
| Wesley College ... ... ... ... | 47 |
| Mr. Hart as a Local Preacher ... ... ... | 63 |
| Farewell to College ... ... ... ... | 85 |
| The Australian Natives' Association ... ... | 126 |
| "The Flower Queen" ... ... ... ... | 155 |
| Parliamentary Aspirations ... ... ... | 175 |
| Last Days ... ... ... ... ... | 189 |
| Conclusion ... ... ... ... ... | 225 |


Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®
1179931

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# PREFACE.

The difference observable in this memoir, when compared with most others that belong to its class, is the result in part of necessity and in part of design.

Of necessity—because Mr. R. H. Hart did not keep a diary, his correspondence was limited, and his life only a commenced one. Consequently the material by which the compiler of a memoir is enabled to make its subject tell the story of his own life could not be supplied.

Of design—because young people complain that memoirs are monotonous in their details, and the style of relating those details is a stereotyped one. These evils I have striven to avoid.

Inasmuch as this book is published under the auspices of the Australian Natives' Association, I have endeavored to respect the non-sectarian and non-political character of the Association ; this I hope I have done without the sacrifice of any principle of faith or honor.

Well aware that he who walks only in the tracks made by other men will make no discoveries, nor have the sweets of variety at his disposal, I have ventured to leave such tracks

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

at times, and if in doing so I have offended against any canon provided for work of this kind, I have done so unconsciously, and may hope to be forgiven.

That some parts of this memoir show great minuteness of detail is admitted; a cause for this has been intimated; and, to that cause may be added an intense desire to make the book interesting to young readers, and to those also who are engaged in teaching the young.

If I could do so I would gladly give the name of every author to whom I am indebted, but to do so is an impossibility. I wish, however, to state my indebtedness to J. H. Ingham for help in depicting "The Flower Queen"; and Edwin Arnold, M.A., C.S.I., for many of the Oriental citations introduced because apposite and new.

I will hope to be indulged for saying that the quotations placed before the several chapters are selections from my own reading, and will, I believe, be found pertinent to that part of the chapter to which they are referred.

I gladly record my obligations to Mr. Thomas F. Hart for undertaking to see the memoir of his brother through the press during my unavoidable absence from Victoria.

No one is more conscious of the faults of this little book than the compiler of it is; nevertheless as some of these are traceable to a sense of duty to the departed, and others of them to an endeavour to impart instruction whilst affording pleasure, I may hope for consideration on the plea that secured pardon for the slave of Hassan.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

This is the substance of the story as it is told by Edwin Arnold:—

Hassan, the son of Ali, made a banquet unto sheiks and lords. The slave who bore round the smoking pillaw carried it in Badham's dish, carved from rock-crystal, with the feet in gold, and garnets round the rim; but the boy slipped and broke the precious dish into shreds of beauty, and scalded the son of Ali. The guests were loud in their denunciations of the slave, and in asking for his instant decapitation. The boy fell with his face to the earth and reminded his lord that "Paradise is for them that check their wrath;" this text was acknowledged, and the boy sobbed on, "Also, 'tis writ, *Pardon the Trespasser.*" "I forgive," replied Hassan, and then he addressed his guests thus:—

"* * * Lords! he hath marred the dish, but mended fault with wisdom."

THOS. WILLIAMS.

Hyrncastre,
10 Seymour Crescent,
August, 30th, 1885.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip;

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;
And think that somewhere in the waste
The shadow sits and waits for me.—*In Memoriam.*

---

For thee, O loved! for thee, the light of lights:
For me, the shadow of thine absence falls:
To thee, sweet Sabbath rest hath fully risen;
Thy brow hath lost its coronet of care,
Thy fair, frail frame, its langour and its pain.
Sweet rest is thine, dear weary, weary one.
Glad joy is thine, O patient sufferer;
Joy mensurate to thy deep capacity!
O happy satisfaction! thro' the glow
Of that high Temple *following the Lamb*
*Whitherso'er He goeth!* this to *thee*
Is heaven, is heaven of heavens.

But unto me life turns a sadder face!
The glow and smile have faded, since thy voice
And presence have departed. I shall live,
And work, and joy, and sorrow!
But the *glow* has faded.

Yet a holier voice's sweet persuasion
Steals o'er the darkness like a star of dawn.
If this transplanting of my heart's dear treasure
Lift mine eyes upward, and the hungry void
Be filled with *Jesus*—surely "it is *well.*"
He doeth all things well! I would trust Him
That somehow loss shall ripen into gain.

MISS BLATCHLEY.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# MEMOIR

OF

# RICHARD H. HART.

## INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who sorrow for the dead whom they have loved whilst living will be condemned by no one except the cold, unfeeling Stoic. To weep under such circumstances is dictated by nature, whose arbitrament in this thing is accepted alike by the sage and the savage, and has, too, the sanction of the highest example. But more than tears are due to the dead, who, whilst living, were distinguished for talent, benevolence, heroism, or piety. We owe to them some record of what they have achieved, or sought to achieve; so that, though they cease to speak and act, the gentle influence of their remembered words and acts—poor it may be in themselves, but illumined by the light of

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Heaven—may be helpful to us who live. The usefulness of such records cannot be measured solely by the social condition of the actors whose deeds are there recorded. It is not necessary that they should occupy an elevated position in society, should have particularly bright abilities, or that the events of their life should have been extraordinary. Men who are not too bright or good for imitation, whose senses were exercised to discern good from evil, serve the purpose of biography better. Infancy excepted, each stage of human life has contributed largely to this class of literature: intelligent childhood with its countless charms, man in the pride and power of his manhood, and man enriched and ennobled by culture, travel, and wide experience is largely represented there; so that it would be strange, nay passing strange, if man, entering the theatre of active life with the flush of manly purpose on his brow and energy in every limb, but cut off untimeously, should fail to be a contributor. This, however, is not the case, as attested by the memoirs of the "Wonderful Boy of Bristol," of Henry Kirk White, of John Keats, of Robert Pollok, of David Stoner, of Robert Murray McCheyne, and many other similar ones. The addition of this one to the goodly list will, it is hoped, prove to be an acceptable addition.

It is a truth beyond dispute that in the present day the young man whose habits are active, associated with force of character—showing itself in a resolve to conquer life, to make it his own to an extent that will cause him to be missed when he dies—cannot escape observation; and every

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

effort made by such a young man under the influence of an ambition which spurs him to win for himself the position of a man amongst men, and avoid sinking into that of a fraud amongst frauds, fixes the eye of observers more steadily upon him, and makes his early transferrence to the nations underground a topic for serious and sympathetic reflection.

The end of such an one is noticed more, and more freely commented on, than was his life before. One of the results of this closer scrutiny invariably is a conviction that our contemporaries have to die before the real character of any one of them is realised, and that even then our knowledge of them is defective.

That the subject of this memoir had thought thus on the effect of death on human estimate is clear from a remark found in an essay which he wrote on one of Tennyson's poems. Amongst other reasons assigned for some men not duly appreciating the laureate is this one—"He is not dead yet." Death extinguishes envy and makes clear the way to merited fame. The operation of this universal fact of history, "the one great mystery of being not," has a softening effect on the mind, under the influence of which we look differently and more correctly on those who cease on earth to be—learn to use words of tenderness when speaking of them, and award to them tender thoughts as their due.

The frailty of human nature, even in its best estate, is forcibly illustrated by the removal of young men of promise; the well-rounded bubble floats awhile on the wave which gave it birth, then bursts and is no longer seen. But its

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

disappearance admonishes us who still live to cultivate a spirit of vigilance, promptitude, and dispatch; that life's day may be devoted sedulously to the duties assigned us, because "the night cometh when no man can work."

Reflections such as these are suggested by the removal of the late Mr. Richard H. Hart in the forenoon of life, at a time when his friends were expecting for him a lengthened day of varied and valuable service, for which he appeared to be so well qualified and towards which a laudable ambition prompted him. Yet, nevertheless, shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

In Thy dread hand men rest;
Their nights and days, their waking and their sleeping,
Their birth, and life, and death, be in Thy keeping.

ORIENT PEARLS.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*a.*) A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

SOLOMON.

(*a.*) Howe'er it be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

(*b.*) Who is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?

KING DAVID.

(*c.*) Mysterious to all thought—
A mother's prime of bliss,
When to her eager lips is brought
Her infant's thrilling kiss;
She joys that one is born
Into a world forgiven,
Her Father's household to adorn,
And dwell with her in heaven.

KEBLE.

(*d.*) Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.

SHAKESPEARE.

(*e.*) A holy mother is an angel to whom God has lent a body for a brief season.

MAISTRE.

(*f.*) The parental hearth—that rallying place of the affections.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

(*g.*) I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice.

PAUL.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER I.

In pursuance of the plan placed before me as one suited to the material supplied for this book, a brief sketch of the career of the Rev. Richard Hart will aptly precede that of his son. Mr. Hart never thought it necessary to visit Doctors' Commons to ascertain if the authorities there had his family tree in the heraldic conservatory; or to correspond with the Earl Marshal of the College of Arms in regard to providing one for him; consequently there are in his case no numerous, complicated genealogical records, or endless genealogies—things by which some small minds seek to gratify personal pride, and enforce an unheeded superiority—forgetful that

> A pigmy is a pigmy still
> Though seated on Olympian hill:
> No elevation of his state
> Can ever make a pigmy great.

This omission on Mr. Hart's part makes him the richer by the amount demanded in fees, but leaves the antiquity and distinction of his family in the ample domain of conjecture and probability, and precludes the possibility of the reader being betrayed by me into the mists of a distinguished though mythical ancestry.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*a.*) Mr. Hart's early days were passed in Nicholls' Green, near Birmingham; his parents were members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in that village. Their son was converted early in life. He devoted himself to local church work, with a number of earnest young men whose hearts the Lord had touched to such a degree that they might have carried on their banner, "*In truthfulness of act be our faith seen.*" Most of these young men afterwards entered the Wesleyan itinerant ranks. Of these companions of his youthful labours he now speaks specially of the Revs. James Smith, Edwin Lightwood, Frederick Hart, and pre-eminently, of the late Samuel Coley, whose memory, in the sense of not being forgotten, will be kept green so long as the "Life of the Rev. Thomas Collins" holds its place amongst godly literature. Of these companions in early and pleasurably remembered work few continue unto this day; the rest having gone, weary and way-sore, but joyfully, to that Paradise, where they shall never hear "the speech of folly, sin, or dread."

(*b.*) In the year 1847 Mr. Hart and the Rev. T. Raston were sent by the Wesleyan Missionary Society to a British colonial settlement in Western Africa, named Sierra Leone (Mountain of the Lion). The settlement is really a peninsula with a few islets belonging to it. The formation of this settlement was the outcome of philanthrophy. A body of humane men removed 470 destitute negroes from London in 1787, and settled them there. Three years afterwards 1196 negroes were removed from the too severe climate of Nova Scotia, and added to the first settlers.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Since then many slaves, captured by British cruisers, have settled there. The climate is humid and unhealthy. From May to November it is specially pestilential. A limited number of whites are found amongst the colored population, although the climate is so inimical to the European constitution as to have secured for Sierra Leone the significant *alias* of "the white man's grave." Indeed, and of a truth, it is a sore, sad, short road by which to journey to the tomb. Yet many have travelled it, quickly to find "their mouth dry with the wind of death." For a short term the road was cooled by soft breezes and gilded by glad suns, then followed a heat that burned, and a damp that blighted, and fever that

"Drained the strong heart as flames drink oil,"

till weak and spent, friendless and alone, the struggler died.

It was to this settlement, where "death's thousand doors stand open four-fold," that Mr. Hart went as a missionary, fully aware of the unfriendliness of the climate, fully aware that a large proportion of those who, leaving all the joys that make life bright and kind behind them, never again returned to those who, with a sort of soft discontent, bade them "farewell."

A brief *résumé* of the history of this mission will make the foregoing statements painfully intelligible.

A little more than a hundred years back the Moravians sent a party of nine missionaries to this part of Western Africa; these all died in two years. Thirty years after other societies sent six missionaries; within two years three

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

of these died and one was murdered. Fifty-three missionaries or missionaries' wives, sent there under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, died in twenty years. In 1823 the same society sent five missionaries; of these four died in six months. Other kindred societies can show a a death rate equally heavy, but these need not be adduced here. Those before the reader will be accepted as sufficiently confirmatory of the pernicious influence of the climate on European constitutions.

The question has been engendered between strong sympathy for the missionaries on the one side, and a low estimate of the negro race on the other,—"Why continue such an expenditure of the white man's life in this department of service?" The question is not an unreasonable one, but forty or fifty years ago it could not be answered as now it can. "He who knows to-morrow, now, and the far past;" from whom none can be so distant that their cry cannot reach Him; who is alike pitiful to small and great, white and black; whose love is wide and great; to whom no race is too high or low, too mean or mighty, shewed his compassion towards the down-trodden dwellers in Western Africa by moving Christian communities to pity them, and notwithstanding the danger, the martyrdom connected with the work,—with these full in view, when one man has fallen there has never been wanting "another man to take the colours." We may soften the martial aspect of the figure by saying these standard bearers were the carriers of a grand message. They told the negro that "the life which will come shall be better than the life of to-day;" the dispensers of an inestimable

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

blessing, "the bread of life," and the bestowment of it welcome and cheering to these negroes, as to the Arab in the desert is the savour of new bread smoking from the oven.

Such a messenger, such a dispenser, was the father of the subject of this memoir. The service to which he and his colleagues devoted themselves was an onerous one, and often their cry was

> "Ah! gracious Lord we toil to reap—
> The soil is hard the way is steep."

But the steep was ascended, the hard soil was broken up, and the toilers did reap, and the harvest was an abundant one. A record was made in the missionary annals of the coloured people of Freetown and its suburbs having renounced idolatry, and of heathen practices being given up for those taught by our common Christianity, and of a markedly beneficial moral change perceptible in every direction.

But neither the dankness that creeps stealthily amid a rank and rotting vegetation, and strikes its unanticipated blow, nor the noonday pestilence, allowed the workmen to escape scathless. A succession of fever attacks resulted in a prostration so complete that Mr. Hart's medical adviser ordered him to seek respite and restoration in his native land, and he did so with the cheering consciousness that a host of men who had been degraded so long by that lowest form of superstition, styled *Fetichism*, and by the worship of false gods, no longer offered to them in various dishes "honey, and fruits, and fishes," to which the green fly came and hummed—

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"Scorn of their offering, stealing what she will;
And none of these great gods the thief can kill;
So swift she is and small:
And none of all
Can make one little fly, for all their state;
So feeble are they, and so falsely great."

But, instead, they were being taught to know and to worship Him whom to know is life everlasting; the Living God, the Selfsubsisting One, the Almighty. And, as candidates for "life eternal," to gather some little knowledge of "Heaven's prodigious years" whilst still on earth. To raise their thoughts from that which is degrading to the sublime contemplation of—

"The Life Divine, which lives
Unending, uncommenced, having no stay
Of yesterday, to-morrow, or to-day—
Being for ever one unbroken Now
Where past and future come not."

Although Mr. Hart was ordered to leave the pestiferous coast of the "Dark Continent" with all expedition, several months passed before an opportunity of doing so occurred.

An incident took place during the second year of Mr. Hart's sojourn in fever-land which may be recorded here to his credit. It shows what can be accomplished by a man who acts under the impulse of a sincere resolve to do his duty. One week-day, when on his way to preach anniversary sermons at a small town seven miles distance from Freetown, his horse took the bit between his teeth and did some smart running on his own account. Another church,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

of which the quadruped had some knowledge, was a few yards off his course, and when opposite to this he made an unexpected dash through the gate-way, propped, and cast his astonished rider some distance further than he chose to go himself. Mr. Hart usually wore a cap when on horse-back, but on this occasion put on a high crowned hat, under the influence of a strong impellant thought, and to his so doing he ascribes his escape from instant death. He did not, however, escape without serious injury; his left arm was badly broken, in addition to the severe shock sustained by his system. After resting a short time he was assisted to remount his horse, reached his destination, preached a morning sermon to a large congregation, and in the evening acted the part of a local secretary by reading the Annual Report, and as the deputation by delivering an earnest address on the subject of Christian missions. At the close of this surprising effort, the brave young missionary was so completely exhausted that the humane offer of George Cummings, Esq., J.P., to send him back to his home was accepted with thanks. Four prisoners bore him with care to Freetown, where he lay suffering severe pain until the fourth day after the accident, when the swelling and inflammation were sufficiently reduced to allow of the surgeon setting the fractured limb. Had this instance of heroism—or its like—occurred on the battle-field, it might have won for him a wide-spread fame and promotion.

Mr. Hart could not leave this land of his toils and successes, early in 1851, without some soreness of heart. The Committee under whose direction he served instructed

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

him to *rest*, and to use the means prescribed to restore his sadly weakened constitution to a state of vigour. That there was sufficient elasticity remaining for the accomplishment of this is evidenced by his taking a circuit not long after his arrival in Old England. The word rest it was found meant no more than a change of employment, inasmuch as three months of the five included in that word were occupied in the discharge of ministerial duties on the Bradford West Circuit, Yorkshire. Here the returned Missionary discovered that he had exchanged the fever and delirium of Western Africa for the worse fever and delirium of the Wesleyan Reform movement; and the life that had been restored from repeated fever attacks and from accidents was endangered by the infatuated religionists of the West Riding. On one occasion he was assailed by infuriated factory hands at Manningham Lane, and had a narrow escape from destruction.

From West Bradford Mr. Hart was removed to the Greenock Circuit, in the county of Renfrew, Scotland. It was during his abode on this south shore of the estuary of the Clyde that Mr. Hart became the subject of those subtle influences

"Which stir the pulse that couples man and maid,"

and which eventuated in his entering the much wronged and over sorrowed state of matrimony, taking as his partner in the venture Miss Dilks, daughter of Mr. Henry Dilks, of Leith, sister of the Rev. T. T. Dilks—who at the time of this being written is the chairman of the Norwich and Lynn District, England—and the mother of

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the late Richard H. Hart. The wedding took place on the 2nd of December, 1851, at the seaport town of Leith.

About this time the Australian Wesleyan Conference made an application to the British Conference for additional ministers. Two were set apart accordingly, one of whom was Mr. Hart. Mr. and Mrs. Hart embarked at Gravesend on board the "Maria Louisa" September 17th, 1852, and at the close of a long voyage landed at Hobartown early in January, 1853.

(*c.*) An event not to be passed over without note is the birth of a daughter whilst at sea; thus, as of old, the tide of Nilus laved for a time the ark in which lay the hope of Israel. The home of this little hope of her parents' hearts was laved during three weeks by the tides of the South Pacific Ocean. After a short rest in Tasmania Mr. and Mrs. Hart were removed to Geelong, where Mr. Hart had to undertake, as supply, the duties of a minister who had become unable to prosecute them. The young newly arrived couple were soon made acquainted with the inconveniences growing out of the general feverish haste in the pursuit of gold. They were greatly incommoded before a parsonage could be built to receive them. A deep sorrow was added to these inconveniences; their little Mary Ruth was taken away from them. One of those angels who always stand

"Waiting with wings outstretched and watchful eyes
To do their Master's embassies,"

removed the little one from the arms of her mother, and from the surrounding confusion, to the calm and joy shared

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

where the angels of such do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven, and worship Him amidst a light that

> "Hath not an earthly name, nor any voice
> Can tell its splendour; nay, nor any ear
> Learn if it listened."

The removed one was mourned over. But she was "only a baby," the thoughtless ones say. Such words fall very cruelly on the ears of a bereft mother, especially so on those of a young mother, the little one being her first-born. They are an impossibility from the lips of her on whose knees the fair treasure reposed, and from whose embrace it was removed. She instinctively longs for the sweet smile and the soft touch of the beautiful blessing. However, neither mother nor father yielded to a murmuring spirit; they accepted the trial as from God, and were graciously assisted to bear it. And

> "If one righteously hath borne the rod
> The angels kiss those lips which speak for God."

Those were the days when a man who had time might study certain phases of the immigration question to advantage. Besides the stalwart digger,—to whom all honour—and the discarded ne'er-do-weel—to whom all shame—there was an influx of almost homeless men and women, who "brought with them more covetousness than courtesy, more rudeness than rank, more quarrelsomeness than quiet, and more conceit than common sense." Even the more tolerable portion of these new arrivals contained a large percentage of imperfectly educated and disproportionately developed

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

men; such as Horace had in view when he wrote of one

"Or right or wrong what came into his head—he said;"

men who state their own views with the double positiveness of ignorance and a stubborn will. Many of these are now in the ranks of our self-made men, disclaiming all that is not them, or of themselves. Some of these men have often a sort of religious earnestness, the chief thing human about them.

(*d.*) The sorrow of Mary Ruth's parents was mitigated when the subject of this memoir was born. The shadows cast over them by tender memories of the past were "lifted" on the 15th of July, 1854, the day on which Richard first saw the light: the patriotic and virtuous St. Swithin's day.

The birth of their son was celebrated by his parents with an intense though chastened joy. The gap which bereavement had made in the little family circle was less perceptible now, and the loss less keenly felt. Whilst the parents of the boy were bright with the gladness of this new joy, he, when freed from their kisses and caresses passed his time quite orthodoxly, unconsciously filling the role assigned to him in common with all infants,—

"Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

But "Think o' the teethin, sir, and all the colic-pains incident to babbyhood." With a sense of responsibility akin to that which was shown two thousand years before by Manoa, the parents of the newly arrived babe asked as he did—How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him? No angel voice was heard by them in answer, but they sacredly registered their resolve that they would "not drink wine nor strong drink," so that the atmosphere

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

breathed by the infant should be kept free from the aroma of that which has blighted the prospects of so many young men of promise; and that in the days yet to come he would have the example of his parents in the practice of temperate habits. The caution of Richard Hart's parents at this time deserves high commendation, and the example they present of care for the right ordering of themselves and their tender charge is worthy of imitation by all parents at such a season.

This act of abstinence on the part of Richard's parents was endorsed by their son in very early life, as is seen by the registering of his name in Band of Hope and other Temperance Associations. Indeed he was in this particular a Nazarite from his birth. It is not known that he ever used wine or strong drink except as a medicine, and then only a little and rarely, although all the medical men he consulted advised their use.

In his very early days maternal eyes perceived "a sweet gravity which characterised him and distinguished him from other babes." During what may be called his pinafore days, "his docility was remarkable." He passed with a commendable propriety through those years in which boy nature generally developes itself in a marked affinity to dirt, a resistless desire for mischief combined with a genius for effecting it amounting to an inspiration; also, for illustrating an inverted principle of construction by destroying whatever came to hand, joined to a faculty for disobedience in general, linked on to the thousand and one elements of un-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

rest and precocity which meet in the make-up of the *enfant terrible*, and "that horrid boy," and which are pronounced by general opinion to be contagious as measles and diffusive as fire. No one will question the effect of docility and obedience being manifested in the following home penal scene.

His mother writes thus of him:—"He was so easily influenced to do what is right that punishment in any form was seldom necessary." The advice of quaint Francis Quarles is confirmed by this statement. He says:—"Be very vigilent over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frosts of May nip his blossoms; while he is a tender twig, straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shalt be what thou wilt." It needs only a hair to make a tether for such children.

The wise words of the godly emblematist being securely placed, we now can look at the little offender in durance mild. When either of his parents used that very gentle mode of punishing juvenile delinquents known as "putting them in the corner," Richard was all submissive. If when undergoing his sentence the little transgressor was forgotten, as was the case sometimes, he would not be persuaded by others to leave the corner. He seems to have recognised a fitness in the ban of disgrace being removed by the parties who themselves had inflicted it. He treated all delegated authority as imprisoned Paul did that of the serjeants whom the magistrates sent

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

to liberate him. Richard, like Paul, refused freedom on such terms, and virtually said, "Nay, verily ; but let them come themselves and fetch me out."

In this little incident may be perceived a simplicity akin to unweaned infancy, and the matured judgment of a man. If we seek for the influences at work in forming such a character we are pointed to his surroundings. Surroundings influence each thought and each feeling of each one of us adults; how much more, then, each thought and each feeling of a child ? If in the case of little Richard we choose for a time to lose sight of hereditary dispositions, we cannot ignore home influences. In a home where piety exerts a pervading influence, and controls the walk and conversation of its relative family associations, their effect in forming the youthful character will be powerful—in cases such as the one under consideration may we not say irresistible ? This was the kind of home in which Richard was reared. Judicious training was added to those influences, and these supplemented with the Divine blessing produced happy results. Richard and each of his brothers and sisters gave evidence of early piety ; and the whole, seven in number, were candidates for church membership at an early age, certain of their number being able to speak clearly of the time when God revealed His Son unto them.

(*g.*) He whom we have more particularly under consideration received decided religious impressions simultaneously with the dawn of intelligence. He had the advantage of a religious descent through two generations at least ; his grandparents on both the paternal and the maternal side

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

being godly persons. They happily directed their minds to the serious consideration of things

" Glorious and glad and pure, beyond earth's knowing."

Oh ! that men were wise and understood the wisdom of setting their affections on things above. The injunction of Christ—Matth. vi., 19-20.—is thus placed in an interrogative form by an Orientalist:—

Who would not make merchandise
Buying bliss in Paradise,
Laying up his treasures where
Stores are safe and profits clear ?

* * * * *

Good returning seven times seven
Paying gifts of earth with Heaven.

The descendants of ancestors who are wise after this fashion are privileged ; the merciful purposes of God embrace the children and children's children of the righteous. Richard Hart was no exception to the divine rule, but a confirmation of the assurance that " the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him and his righteousness "—his purposes in regard to their *becoming* righteous—" unto children's children."

Christian parents of every creed ought to be united in thanking God for the *One hundred and third Psalm* ; and encouraged by that portion of it just cited to train their children in such wise that their prayers for them may be answered, so that a world, the humanity of which has been purchased with the blood of Christ, may become enlightened

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

by His wisdom and permeated with His Spirit—their own personal influence tending to this end.

(*e.*) The tenderer years of Richard Hart were passed more immediately under the eye of his mother than is the case with most boys. Bishop Mant, when writing on the religious training of children, recognises the importance of a father's direction, and adds :—" But in the earlier season of instruction the training of the infant mind falls naturally by God's providence into maternal hands ; and on the proper exercise of that talent depends, in a main degree, the future prosperity of the child." Such is the case in the ordinary progress of human events, and in the case of children circumstanced as was the boy of whom I write, the ordinary course of human events cast him very especially into the hands of the mother who " in her office holds the key of the soul." The enforced, frequent, and often prolonged absence of an itinerant minister from his own home, throws the serious responsibility of child-training largely upon the mother ; and woe betide those children, thus circumstanced, if the mother is a foolish or an incompetent woman ! Up to his tenth year little Richard found mother, friend, and tutor all in one. Under her ubiquarian presence and control he pursued his infantine studies, she the while watching the emotions of her pupil, directing and controlling their set, with a tender firmness. The force of home discipline was thus brought early to bear upon the child, and, being tempered as well as sustained by maternal affection, the yoke was made easy—so easy that when speaking of these times in after years the maternal tutor could say—

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"In training him I had little or no trouble; my will was law, to which he rendered a loving submission."

Including teaching in the word "training," his mother reports well of his attention to infant-school duties. He mastered his simple lessons readily. So soon as he was well advanced from the grade of an abecedarian he showed a passionate fondness for books. He frequently rose early in the morning to resume reading that had been interrupted by the hour fixed for going to bed, and partially dressing himself would sit with his book by the bedside of his nurse, maintaining a quiet so complete as not to disturb her slumbers. When she awoke he availed himself of her assistance to complete his toilet. His morning prayer said, the boy pursued his reading. Yes, a child's morning prayer, and let no one despise it.

"Daybreak's prayer is surely borne on high
By angels changing guard within the sky."

Thus saith the eastern rosary; and yet more sweetly when urging attention to "the sweet hour of prayer" and communion with God :—

At late and early prayer
The very shadows worshipped Him, low laid.

An intense quietude, yet not dull, seems to have thrown its mantle over these boy days—days of peace at a time when noise and mis-rule have the ascendency. The only disturbing influences, a little soap intruding itself into his eyes when bathed; or a shade of anxiety discoverable upon asking that stock query with children—"What shall we

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

play at next?" If a ready solution of this important question was not forthcoming Richard returned contentedly to his beloved books and welcome quiet.

It is on the records that Mr. Hart senior passed three years of his itinerancy at Golden Square, Sandhurst.

This sojourn at Golden Square was made memorable to Richard by the occurrence of a serious accident, and by the development of a penchant for public speaking. The way in which this indication shewed itself appears to to be common property to the imitative sons—son and heir especially—of all ministers of divine truth. Can one parsonage, rectory, vicarage, manse, deanery, or bishop's palace, the world over be named, whose rooms have not echoed to the voice of such a preaching young hopeful, or that has not its traditions of his "having church," though his audience should only be books placed on otherwise vacant chairs? Richard used to have church in an unused room, on the Sabbath morning; his little brother was the congregation, and had to serve in the dual character of saint and sinner—not, of course, at the same time, or in the one service, but thuswise; if the little fellow had been naughty during the week, he was lectured on his depravity, and prayed for very earnestly by the mimic ecclesiastic of eight years old. If, however, the little man had achieved a week of goodness, he not only escaped the lecture, but was allowed to take part in the morning's exercises.

The other reminder of Golden Square is a very painful one. It was his first acquaintance with one of those sad

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

contingencies which cast their gloom over bright boy-life. Mostly the like casualties are associated with deeds of daring, of mischief and disobedience; in the case of Richard it was otherwise. The event has been thus stated to the writer. The lad's father, in adjusting the shelves of his library, found a necessity for the use of a tool that was in another part of the house: Richard was sent to fetch it. No sooner was the command spoken, than he, under the impulse of a prompt obedience, was off like a shot, or, as Mansie Wauch puts it, in a couple of hurries. Unknown to the light-hearted and swift-footed messenger, an open trap door was before him in a room through which he must needs pass; through this opening he fell heavily on to the floor below. He came up from the gloom of a cellar—where, if eyesight was not drowned in darkness, there was not a sufficiency of light to distinguish a black hair from a grey—to the light of day, and to look on the tenderer light of a mother's eye, and to hear voices loosed to soothe and comfort him. A severe shock and a dislocated collar-bone were the more observable of his injuries. From the weakness caused by the dislocation he never fully recovered. Thus a barrier was placed in the way of his entering heartily into those sports which school-boys—glowing hot and unbuttoned—pursue with such enviable zest; and also of his winning distinction as "stroke," "captain of the team," or "prize-taker" on any of the numerous arenas where young Australia expresses its inborn energies in manly and invigorating amusements. It is probable that could he have indulged in such sports freely, his health would have been more robust as one result.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Richard continued under home tuition until the year 1863, during which his parents removed to Kilmore. Here he was subjected to a change of teacher and to a far greater change of associates. The denominational school of Kilmore was more generally known as the Presbyterian school. Mr. David Murray, and Mr. John Watson had the school in charge at the time, and Richard made his acquaintance with school life in this form under their supervision. It would be instructive to the student of boy-humanity to know how our young friend bore this weaning from a more tolerable and sympathetic care. That a boy naturally gentle, meek and bashful, when transplanted from a genial home teaching to that of a stranger, in a school of strangers, would be conscious of a mental shiver as he stood on a colder soil, surrounded by a bleaker air than ever before he had known, is natural; but all that he felt under these new experiences is left for us to conjecture. And is it supposable that he escaped those petty but often cruel annoyances practiced by initiated boys on the luckless novitiate? Sufficiently sensitive to fancied scorn, or undeserved disgrace, how would the actualities affect the gentle lad? Many persons who read this memoir will promptly call to remembrance William Cowper, timid as his own pet leveret, and the days when at Westminster he trembled before his boy-tormentor, not venturing to look higher than the buckles of his tormentor's shoes. Little Richard was a fortunate school-boy if he had no memories of this kind!

The little we know of those days, that is reliable, is kindly supplied by Mr. John Taylor. The result of enquiries

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

made by him, is that our subject was—"a boy of a quiet studious disposition, who generally occupied the head of his class, and was exceedingly gentlemanly in his demeanor." Mr. Taylor adds to these statements the favorable reports of former classmates, adding:—"I can testify to the latter quality, as he was one of my 'Band of Hope' boys, and I remember how sorry I was when you in the course of your ministerial duties had to leave the district, taking your boys with you." Thus we see that the stripling stood well with his masters and well with his mates. A pleasing study, in fact, of a remarkably good boy, capital collateral evidence of a truth so plainly put by Longfellow:—"That the world is not wholly given over to the devil."

Yet, after all, in view of maintaining the fitness of things and bringing our little hero nearer to what most boys know themselves and other boys to be, his peers will experience undoubted relief when they know that *one* authentic instance of his being a naughty boy is supplied by one who was his partner in the distress and in the disgrace which followed. When I read the statements of Mr. Taylor to the brother who is next to Richard in years, he smiled, and then spoke thus:—"Well, I do remember his getting into one scrape, and I was with him." The two brothers, it seems, played the truant one day; the cause of this sad departure was, I found, that little ten footed crustacean, the river lobster, best known as the crayfish. Wishing to regale themselves on this delicacy, the lads stole a holiday and applied themselves to their work with more earnestness than caution. One result of their doing so was Richard's falling into the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

pond, and narrowly escaping being drowned. On returning home the wet boy was sent at once to bed, where he had to remain some days to recover from the effects of the accident, and the dry brother received what one of my school-masters used to call "a dusting," accomplished in this instance by the vigorous application of the birch. Richard's share of trouble it would appear was the greater, and the remembrance of it kept his hand from any like evil afterwards.

"Lowliness is young ambition's ladder."

The boy Hart having already placed his foot well on the the lower rung of this ladder, resolved to make a steady ascent, and prove to his companions that modest, unselfish goodness, may be sunshined into nobility and beauty. The foundations of the several branches of knowledge taught in ordinary schools had been so well laid at home, that Richard progressed rapidly in his studies when placed under his Kilmore masters; and his affable disposition won for him the affection and esteem of masters and schoolmates, too, as already stated, the latter attesting this by according to him a reward "offered to the best liked boy in the school."

At the close of Mr. Hart's term of service at Kilmore, he and his family were removed to Belfast, on our western coast. The appointments of some Wesleyan Ministers have the appearance—at least—of singular manipulation. Charity, exercised by the onlookers, when strained to its uttermost tension, cannot hide a vision of something that bears a surprising resemblance to SELF, figuring in the arrangements made for them. If supreme happiness lies in the utter extinction of self, it is natural to ask, When

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

will these men attain to its enjoyment? During the time occupied by a conference in preparing a "Station sheet" the wavering balance often shakes fitfully and perplexingly. Even when the equipoise has been secured, the balance beam has started and trembled under some occult influence; astounding adjustments follow; results that have the appearance of a reversal of what was are presented; yet the holders of the scales declare that the weights are equal, and the beam has all along been in a level position, strictly parallel to the horizon! Some of these cases are singularly noticeable —pronounced mysteries of management, or proofs of a stolid obstinacy!

Mr. Hart is to be credited with having acted under the conviction that whenever self shakes the balance, the adjustment is rarely a right one, being over-selfish to be strictly just. He arrived on his new field of labor in the great moral vineyard of his Lord, just as his oldest son attained his eleventh year. The boy now required more advanced human culture, and his parents thoughtfully considered the best method of securing this for him. Neither of them was likely to indulge an undue confidence in the use of the means, or to tolerate an indolent reliance on the divine aid. No visionary scheme of attaining an end without the use of appropriate means was favored by them; neither would they think of trusting alone to the means used. They would apply the means and continue to implore the divine blessing on them. Happily for their son they regarded the culture of his soul for its eternal destiny as the highest end of education. This theory is by too many parents held

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

lightly; but this will never be the case with such as value Christian principle. No enforcement of this theory, however strong, can prejudice any of the subordinate ends of education. Who will refuse to recognise as true education the instructing of youth to curb the rage of evil, fiery passions; to attain those acquirements which make men respected in society, and useful to it; to aim conscientiously at success in the line of life selected; to bear the trials and casualities of life that may befall them; if adversity is allotted instead of prosperity to struggle manfully with it until better days come, and to bow submissively, owning God's justness? These are recognised elements in a true education, and with each the theory named is accordant

The relative claims of public and of private education were re-considered. The advantages derivable from the teaching of masters of ability and large attainments, regularity in giving lessons, the influence of numbers on the individual, a rigid discipline, the stimulus of competition, and the valuable awards offered, were talked over asin favor of a public school. Dr. Johnson, in *The Idler*, names also the *Genius of the place* as a sort of inspiring deity, prompting to the pursuit of learning which every youth of quick sensibility, joined to a little ingenuousness, creates to himself by reflecting on the distinguished men who under the venerable roofs of such institutions as Eton, Westminster, or Harrow—to say nothing of other universities —have pursued the same course of study, and from thence have risen to the most elevated heights of literary fame. It would be unseemly for Australians to adopt Johnson's

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

phrase until our institutions have produced a Hooker, a Hammond, a Bacon, a Newton, or men like to them.

The benefits attached to a private education were as impartially canvassed :—such as a greater attention to devotional exercises, to bible studies, to the cultivation of a quick conscience, a corrective oversight of budding evils, principle more readily embodied in action, general knowledge more easily added to the higher branches of learning, and the very important one of teaching the pupil to think, may be enumerated as part of these benefits.

It is scarcely just to accept the dictum of the amiable author of *Tirocinum:* "The public schools 'tis public folly feeds"; although he is no mean authority on them. Yet that they have sadly failed of their promise may be asserted safely. Too large a percentage of the students sent out by such institutions expose themselves to the charge of discarding common sense, and parading in its stead "much specious lore but little understood." "A conceited gowk! puffed up wi' windy pride" is Burns' description of such an one, and these conceited gowks are described by a gentler pen as,—scholastic fops capable only "of talking about conjugated verbs and nouns declined." Happily there are many happy exceptions; albeit the space open to receive an increase to the number is ample as that represented by unoccupied blocks in an Australian township.

An opinion may be ventured that, if *instruction* alone is desired for a boy, that, perhaps, may be best attained in a public school; but if *education* in its highest sense, as stated

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

above, is sought for him, the palm must be awarded to home teaching. Instruction is bounded by the school-room, but education is going on in the play ground, the dormitory, the lavatory; everywhere, indeed, where the boy for the time being is; hence the importance of an oversight nowhere so attainable as at home. Another element included in home teaching is the table around which the family, including the tutor, gather at meal-times. Here the instruction imparted in previous hours, the use and design of the lessons placed before the pupil for his consideration, can be pleasingly and effectively amplified. The conversation at the table can be made an accessory to the teaching of the class-room. Information of an interesting and useful kind can be imparted, or illustrated, under circumstances calculated to make an indelible impression. The reason for this is a very simple one; the understanding of the pupil is aroused and set to work that it may grasp the question under consideration—a course immeasurably superior to that which only crams the head and burdens the memory. Then again, as the life of the parent is the child's copybook, the life, when a good one, ought always to be under the eye of the child; when the life is a bad one, the advantage leans to the public school.

At Belfast Richard's parents decided to adopt a plan which may be described by the architectural word "composite," inasmuch as it comprised elements found in those methods previously adopted—home education was to be continued, with the assistance of a private teacher introduced as one of the family, not to sit below the salt,—but who quickly became

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

a school-master. Mr. C. Lancaster was selected to take charge of the education of Richard and his two brothers. His success as a teacher was such that other parents desired to secure for their children a share in his oversight. Mr. Hart, senr., consenting to a select few being taught with his sons, the small room in the parsonage where Mr. Lancaster began his work was given up, and he and his pupils were removed to a cottage half-a-mile distant. Here a room was fitted up for school purposes, and the three R's, grammar, geography, history, the rudiments of Latin, &c., were carefully taught. Besides these "the Good Old Book" had a recognised place in the modest curriculum. These Bible readings found great favour with the young students, and especially so with Richard, whose face would light up with the flash of intellect as some hitherto hidden beauty shone with the light of a new star before him.

From the account given of his pupils by the teacher himself, it is clear that he was more favourably situated than the poor tutor of our fatherland who was doomed to teach

"The tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

On looking at the faces of his pupils he could read intelligence there, and the facial index was fairly answered by their school progress. No harm is done to this group of lads by supposing them to be guilty of occasional outbursts of mis-directed energy, fits of idleness or obstinacy, and other juvenile ailments, such as schoolboy "flesh is heir to." But for these their tutor had a simple remedy, easily applied—*a few kind words.* "The desire of a man is kind-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ness" Solomon says, and it is a power which most boys recognise, and to which they generally succumb.

The future of the boys who were taught in this cottage room occupied the thoughts of their tutor more frequently than they were themselves likely to conjecture. He prayed for them in addition to instructing them. The uncertainty of their future forced itself before his mind. He knew that however attractive the personal appearance of a boy may be ; a mimic Hercules or a minature Adonis ; of a ready perception, well mannered and gentlemanly—and that excludes alike English stiffness and French grimace—he is at his best a pretty bud unblown, the scent of which may be supposed, and its hues guessed, but neither of these really known. Cowper, whose simile I have just used, compares the after-show of such to the sail of a ship, which goodly as it seemed when furled, unfurled discloses its rents and patches to the eye. And painful experience has taught many worthy parents to know that the fairest promise often disappoints a fond expectation ; and that the most ingenuous boy may become a vicious and stragetic man.

But, to return to the Belfast boys and their teacher. He tells us essays were occasionally written by the boys in which, not unfrequently, there were touches of originality, thoughtfulness, and raciness of expression. "In these early efforts at composition Richard excelled, and gave evidence of more than ordinary application and ability. He was very careful, assiduous, and conscientious in all his work ; the book in which he wrote illustrations of the various rules of arithmetic was a pattern of neatness. I tried to rule by the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

power of love, and punishment in any form was seldom necessary."

If it should so happen that any school-boy who is under the rule of an unsympathising overseer takes up this book, the following passage may awake an emotion of envy :— "On Saturday afternoons and other holidays we generally went for a ramble and romp on the ocean beach, and most enjoyable times we used to have—all boys together—running, jumping, wading, picking up shells, and returning in good trim for tea!" Yet, though the pupils were on such familiar terms with their instructor, they always treated him with respect and affection. In these rambles they were naturalists on a small scale. Now and again the discovery by one of the lads of some cause for a new wonder, or a new revelation, threw open every vent of every head, and all but doubled the size of their eyes, besides providing material for inspiriting conversation at the tea table. The advantage of such associations to the tutor are great. He is able from the desk to note the disposition of his pupils in part, but much more so when in the unreserved intercourse of hours of sport he joins them. He may then trace the germinations of each character : the idleness that foreshadows the vagrant, the viciousness that will form the sensualist, the pride that constitutes the oppressor, the pitiful narrowness that breeds the bigot, and the insolence that betokens the tyrant; or he may note the industry that augurs prosperity, the purity that presages self-denial, the considerateness from which grows the philanthrophist, the large-heartedness which indicates benevolence, charity, and every disposition proper to constitute a true man.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

The moral influence of this period of life extends to the next and to each following period. Hence the importance of the teacher having every opportunity of observing closely, that he may adjust his treatment of each as is best calculated to check the evil and to foster the good that is observable in his pupils.

Mr. Lancaster more than once describes his pupil Richard, as "amiable, unselfish, and conscientious." His unselfishness he sometimes thought was excessive. He speaks of having seen him, on many occasions, the possessor of some toothsome gift particularly agreeable to his own palate, yet, notwithstanding, the whole of his supply was divided amongst his school-mates, each recipient being made glad as an Arab child when his dark soft eyes are delighted with an unexpected supply of "white cakes, dates, and amber grapes," and his loud laugh of joy infects all the surrounding tents, he himself the while feasting on their gladness. And had he known the Eastern dictum—"Mar not your gifts with grudging word, or will," he could not have been more free of stinginess. What follows will shew that he was open and dutiful, the opposite of those boys who, heedless of much admonishment, excel in avoiding their studies rather than in mastering them: "In his work, as in his play, he was thoroughly conscientious. I never knew him attempt anything like deception; he was transparently truthful and sincere." Such is the testimony of his tutor. Other commendatory remarks made by the same observer suggested Eastern figures to me, for he practised equity even "to a date stone," and acted as though under

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the eyes of those who register human actions—

"Those Angels of Record who write with an invisible pen,
What so he doeth, or sayeth, or thinketh, recording it still."

Amongst the many places in this colony visited by the well remembered William Taylor, of California—now Bishop Taylor—prosecuting his disinterested labors amongst the tribes of Northern Africa, was Kilmore. During the services he conducted there a deepened religious impression was made on the mind of Richard Hart. About a year afterwards his tutor Mr. (now the Rev.) Charles Lancaster had conducted a weeknight service in Belfast church. He had for his text Heb. xii. 1. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us." During the prayer that followed the sermon, Richard made a new resolve to be a Christian indeed. A relative, writing of this event, says—Mr. Lancaster sat up with him most of the night conversing and praying with him, and these efforts were owned of God in the boy's conversion. After many doubts as to the divine willingness to pardon, he found that—

Most quick to pardon sins is He:
Who unto God draws near,
One forward step, God taketh three
To meet, and quit his fear.

"Then all things were apparelled in celestial light; the glory and the freshness of a dream."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

With the morning light he entered his parents' room, and told them he had decided for Christ. The same relative says, "Usually the time of the conversion of a man or woman stands out as a marked epoch in his or her life; it was not so with R. H. Hart," and refers this to the dutifulness of the son, and to the training given to him by his parents. It was the opinion of Richard Baxter "that if parents did their duty as they ought such cases (as young Hart's) would become the rule, not the exception."

The happy youth did not parade the fact of his spiritual birth. Instead of doing so he registered his resolve, aided by divine grace, to love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and strength.

"* * * and in the secret place perfect love for God, words are as breath and *will* is all."

Referring in after years to this period Mr. Lancaster writes thus:—"Your dear son was amiable, unselfish, and conscientious before his conversion, but from that time these traits of his character were more than ever observable." The Great Teacher says, the tree is known by its fruit.

Teacher and learners parted from each other with reciprocated esteem and affection in August of 1866, each for new paths in life and duty.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER II.:
# WESLEY COLLEGE.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*a.*) In its Roman signification a college signified an association of persons for a specific purpose.

CHAMBERS.

(*b.*) For though there are not many in every city which be exempt and discharged of all other labors, and appointed only to learning—that is to say, such in whom even from their very childhood they have perceived a singular toward ness, a fine wit, and a mind apt to good learning—yet all * * * be instructed in learning.

MORES UTOPIA.

(*c.*) Honest water, which ne'er left man in the mud.

SHAKESPEARE.

(*d.*) The youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try and every toil sustain.

HORACE.

(*e.*) The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE.

(*f.*) He'll be a credit till us all.

BURNS.

(*g.*) Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom. Take fast hold of instruction: let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life.

SOLOMON.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER II.

## *WESLEY COLLEGE.*

MASTER * * * * * * * * * * *

WESLEY COLLEGE,

ST. KILDA ROAD,

MELBOURNE,

is a formula familiar to the eyes of many hundreds of Australian natives, not a few of whom could, by the insertion of the names they bear in the blank parts of the upper line, call from the recesses of memory the gladness with which they received letters from home thus addressed whilst pursuing their studies at Wesley College; not more welcome the dawn of day to the watch-weary sentinel.

Occasionally the address was in the firm hand of a solicitious father, and contained words of wise counsel; more frequently it was in the delicate penmanship—*old style*—of an affectionate mother who covered over the pages with her sweet love; or her substitute was indicated by the dashing run of undotted i's intermixed with English hieroglyphics —*new style*—of a loving sister, a vivacious gossiping epistle. But welcome each and welcome all—as witness the eagerness with which the envelope is torn away and the contents of the letter devoured.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

The Institution itself is one of which Victoria may be proud; a good Italian façade or elevation prefaces ample accommodation for masters and students, surrounded by expansive gardens and play grounds. It bears the name of one of the most remarkable men known to modern times—one who won distinction as a clerical evangelist and missionary; as a preacher fluent, clear, and argumentative; as a traveller, voyager, and close observer; as a translator, author, and publisher; as a commentator, divine, and poet; as a linguist, logician, and polemic; as an organiser, director, and legislator; as a disciplinarian, absolute yet tolerant and forbearing; as imperial in rule, mild in manners, and conscientious in his verdicts; as wise in counsel, prompt in action, and persistent in purpose; as cautious in his projects, scrupulous in the discharge of duty, and fearless in danger; as possessing a fine humour, smart in repartee, and noble in reproof; as merciful to the weak, liberal to the poor, and hospitable to all men; as a philanthrophist, a lover of honest men, and intolerant of cant. In social life he was cheerful, affable, and gentlemanly; amongst the learned he moved as an equal, the rich recognised in him an intelligent companion, and to the needy he was a generous friend. Whilst appreciative of every comfort and elegance of life, he was settled, satisfied, and happy everywhere. He was a patron of medical science, the founder of two High Schools, the editor and proprietor of the first religious magazine published in England, and is the acknowledged father of cheap literature for English speaking peoples. He devoted a prolonged life to the good of human kind, and died in peace, revered and honoured by tens of thousands

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

of his countrymen, who mourned his death. "Probably no man ever exerted so great an influence on the religious condition of the people of England and America, and his influence has extended to the remotest parts of the world." And much as this summary includes, it only partially represents the worth of the venerable man whose name this College bears.

No similar institution in the Colony has been more highly favored in the ability of the Head Masters, who have directed its staff of teachers or themselves given instruction. The names of Dr. Corrigan, Professors Irving and Andrew, may be cited in attestation of this remark.

Young gentlemen who have received their education in the Public Schools and Universities of England have generally proved themselves to be men of the right metal, daring, and endurance. Certain writers ascribe their superior manliness, generosity, and self-control—"so systematically hostile to all meanness, pusillanimity, or indirectness"—to a practice which, though under the severest restraint of honorable laws, is nevertheless too nearly allied to braggadocio and bluster to be greatly favored in the colleges of to-day.

(*b.*) Richard H. Hart and a younger brother were entered at Wesley College on the 29th September, 1866. It is greatly to the credit of their mother, and of their Belfast tutor, that Dr. Corrigan—at that time the head master—complimented the boys on the extent and soundness of the knowledge they had acquired. Richard and his brother

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

remained several years at the College as pupils. These years were marked, so far as Richard is concerned—and this special notice conveys no reflection on the progress made by his brother—"by great assiduity and steady progress," interrupted by the occasional failure of his health. Professor Andrew supplies information on each of these points in a few words written by him, and notices in addition the interference caused by ill-health with his prospects in the University. He writes :—"Mr. R. H. Hart was for several years a pupil at this College ; as such his career was marked by steady application to work, in which he always showed great intelligence and obtained marked success. He obtained the Draper Scholarship in 1868, and would doubtless have had as successful a career in the University had not ill-health prevented him from reading."

(*c.*) Just before Richard and his brother were placed in Wesley College they became members of a juvenile Temperance Society. At the time when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Melbourne a cadet corps was formed, which they joined. On the day of the Prince's arrival wine was provided that the members of the corps might drink to the health of the royal visitor. Richard declined to drink wine. It was against his principles to do so. He had pledged himself not to taste wine, and he regarded that pledge as sacred.

"Fulfil your covenants, if ye covenant ;
For God is witness ! break no word with men
Which God hath heard ; and surely He hears all."

The young abstainer was thus minded, and neither banter nor the charge of disloyalty could change his resolve to ful-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

fil his covenant. It was otherwise with his brother, who yielded to persuasion and drank of the wine. His loyalty to the Prince at the cost of loyalty to his pledge caused his consistent brother to insist on his re-signing the pledge as a guarantee for his future faithfulness.

(*d.*) Although the attention given to his College studies interrupted young Hart's musical studies, the fact of his making this art a study requires more than a simple statement of it, the more so because as a resident master he paid special attention to it, and because music, in one form or other, occupied so large a share of his attention, that before the close of his life he devoted himself wholly to teaching this artistic art. Therefore it will be interesting to learn something of his early lessons and musical history from the pen of his mother.

Mrs. Hart tells us that—"Like his other studies, up to the time of his going to Wesley College this was in my own hands. He began when he was six years of age, and plodded steadily on, as he did with everything he undertook. Correct time and delicate touch characterised his playing from the commencement. While at Wesley College, as a pupil, he did nothing at music save in the holidays, and of course could do little then. Some attention was paid to class-singing, and he made good progress in that, having as a boy a beautiful alto voice. When he took the position of a resident master in Wesley College he placed himself under the care of Mr. Russell, now of the 'Melbourne School of Music,' and was his pupil for several years. About the same time he connected himself with the Melbourne Liedertafel, and continued an honorary member of it after coming to Stawell.'

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

His assiduity as a musician is spoken of to this day. He was constantly aiming at an excellency that was in advance of him. He endorsed the sentiment of a kindred spirit—"If I say I have expressed that passion which inspired me, I shall never be a Mozart or Beethovan"! Mr. Hart had a natural taste for classical music which he strove to cultivate. Ludwig Van Beethoven, called "the unrivalled composer," is supposed to have been his favorite, though Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy ran a close second. It may be information to some who read this notice, to know that although this distinguished composer was a German, it was in England that he met with a reception proportionate to his genius; and that, too, close by the birthplace and home of the father of R. H. Hart. His oratorio of St. Paul was produced under his own management on September 20th, 1837, at the Birmingham Festival, and created quite a *furore*. At the Birmingham Festival of 1846 he achieved another grand success, when he produced his oratorio of Elijah, on which he had labored for nine years. The music of this masterpiece is as pure and as noble as was the character of the man by whom it was composed.

There exists no room for doubt on the question of Mr. C. W. Russell being a leading factor in strengthening Richard's taste for high-class music; on that account I am more than glad to have at command Mr. Russell's opinion of him. It is contained in a letter addressed to Mrs. Hart and dated from Alma Road, St Kilda, October, 1884.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"DEAR MADAM,—

"It is with great sorrow that I have heard of the death of your much lamented son, Henry, my much esteemed friend and pupil. It is sad to think of a life of promise being closed at so early an age, but it is a consolation to know that a life well spent is a sure passport to a state of more perfect happiness, and all who knew your son could not fail to recognise his many virtues and estimable qualities.

"I regretted exceedingly that ill-health prevented him from completing his musical studies with me. He was a pupil in whom rare talent was combined with great diligence and an earnest yet gentle and appreciative disposition. He possessed also the rare faculty of discrimination and refined taste in music, and would assuredly have attained great excellence as a musician, had a full opportunity for the development of his talents been available.

"Begging that you will kindly convey my assurances of sympathy with you to Mr. Hart,

"I am, dear madam,

"Yours sincerely,

"C. W. RUSSELL."

This graceful testimony to opening and expanding musical talent does not call for any comment from me, and inasmuch as a competent pen has sketched his school days and the successes associated with them, and that sketch will shortly be before the reader, we may pass along to consider Mr. Hart as a TEACHER.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*d.*) Mr. Robert Lloyd, the friend of Cowper, is credited with having said that—if he had a foe on whom he wished to wreck his utmost vengeance he would do so by

Using him as learning's tool,
And make him *usher* of a school.

No doubt this indispensable personage is often set to cultivate a barren ungenerous soil, requiring toil and patience long prolonged to secure even a scanty crop; and, pinioned to his post, he may find his duties more irksome than his are who is doomed to tug at the slavish oar.

But the word "usher" in its significant sense of one who introduces junior classes to the higher branches of learning is likely to become obsolete. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as a significant word is too valuable lightly to be cast aside. By whatever name he may be hereafter styled—be it usher, tutor, mentor, or master—Richard Hart was elevated to and associated with the staff of masters engaged to teach in Wesley College; the "freshmen" falling more especially under his care. He was not ignorant of the duties he undertook, and was well qualified for them. No mistake is more gross than that of imagining that undisciplined teachers are the fittest to deal with ignorance and mental rudeness. On the contrary, to force the rays of thought intelligibly through so opaque a medium demands, peculiarly and emphatically, a great clearness and prominency of thinking, and an exact feeling of the effect of words to be chosen, combined and varied. In accordance with the Jewish proverb—"First improve thyself, then try to improve

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

others," Mr. Hart had directed more than common care as his own improvement. He had also thoughtfully considered the principles of effectual teaching. Though young, he was capable. Nothing is risked in applying to him the line—"In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise." Of this, proof may be adduced in connection with his work at Wesley College as one of the masters, and at Ellerslie as its principal.

Respecting his work at Wesley College, let us hear what the Rev. J. S. Waugh, D. D., says. Although by the presentation of the comprehensive statement supplied by him exactly as he has forwarded it for this memoir, some little ground will be re-travelled, and a coming portion of it slightly anticipated, I prefer so to publish it rather than to dismember the statement in the interests of sequential narrative. Writing from Richmond, Dr. Waugh supplies his opinion in the following paper :—

(*e.*) "Very pleasant are my memories of Richard Henry Hart. My first recollection of him goes back to the latter half of the year 1854. When on a visit to Geelong, I saw him in his father's house presented by the Rev. Isaac Harding, in holy baptism to God.

"He entered Wesley College as a boarder on the 29th September, 1866, in company with a younger brother. He was then a little more than 12 years old. For more than four years he continued in that relation to the college. He soon won the hearts of the masters and boys by the sweetness of his disposition and unremitting diligence in

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

work. The distinctions he gained testify to his assiduity and ability as a pupil. In 1867 he won the Amess special prize as the best classical scholar exclusive of the University class. The President's prize for exemplary conduct in the house was awarded to him in 1868, and in the same year he won the Draper scholarship—value £25. In 1869 he obtained the Sherrard prize of £10, for having passed the best University Matriculation examination. He was the first pupil from Wesley College to pass that examination in the University of Melbourne, but, though he became an under-graduate, the weakness of his health prevented him from pursuing his studies for a degree in that seat of learning. Dr. Corrigan, then head master of Wesley College, entertained a great affection for his docile and promising pupil, and frequently obtained his help as a teacher in the junior forms. Speaking of him as a boy at college, his character was of the highest order. It is a matter of history that, during all his long term of residence, he obtained but one bad conduct mark, which was given by an assistant master, simply because he forgot to strip his bed one morning! Before coming to the College he had experienced a saving change of heart, and during his entire residence his consistency as a professor of religion was unimpeachable.

"Mrs. Waugh thinks that his was 'the most perfect boy-life she has ever known.' Mention should be made of his proficiency in elocution; he frequently recited at college speech days, and on the occasion of the visit of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, in the year 1868, he was chosen to recite a piece called 'Welcome Prince Alfred,' at the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

collegiate schools' united speech-day, when the Prince presided and distributed the prizes.

"In 1874, Richard Hart became a resident master at Wesley College. Never was there a more conscientious, painstaking teacher. He possessed uncommon tact and aptitude for imparting instruction, and his influence over his classes was truly wonderful. In the house the boarders always rejoiced when it came to his turn to be on duty, for, though strict and vigilant in discipline, his genial manner and bearing towards the boys secured their confidence and affection. He was—to quote the words of Professor Irving, who had become head master of Wesley College, after the death of Dr. Corrigan—"a born teacher." Once having some boys in his class who were rather unwilling scholars, he roused their emulation by dividing the class into two bands called Romans and Carthaginians, under the leadership of two captains—Scipio Africanus and Hannibal. Each week represented a battle, and each term one of the punic wars. The plan was very successful, and some boys made more progress then than ever before. The marks of each week were eagerly compared, and great was the exultation of the party who were proclaimed as having won that battle. During part of his time as master he suffered greatly from ill-health, but could hardly be persuaded to spare himself in the least and take needful rest. He took a great interest in the boarders' music and elocution, and for some time at the end of each half-year organised and successfully carried through a boarders' concert in the big schoolroom, at which he was both manager and performer. Friends were invited

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

by ticket, and many will remember the enjoyable evenings thus spent. It was at his instance that a cabinet organ was obtained for use at morning and evening prayer, when he would both play and lead the singing. He was much sought after in society, as his prepossessing appearance and address, combined with rare musical talents and conversational powers, made him a great acquisition in concert room, social evening, on the croquet ground and elsewhere.

(*f.*) "I at one time indulged the hope that he would eventually become a candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry, but he did not feel that course to be his providential calling. His mental culture and elocutionary power, together with his love for the truth and for souls, would have made him a desirable candidate. During his stay as a master at Wesley College, he discharged the duties of a local preacher in the several Melbourne circuits with great acceptance. His sermons were well prepared. His delivery had the charms of cultivated voice and manner, and his preaching was blessed by the Spirit of God to the edification of the people."

Amongst the many public men who knew Mr. R. H. Hart, not one was equally competent to give—if I may be tolerated in taking a phrase from cricketers—"an all-round" opinion as Dr. Waugh.

The method adopted by this youthful preceptor to rouse the emulation of a class of careless scholars indicates an aptitude for his profession amounting to genius. Had there been to hand a subtle genius of another order, one possessing the fruitful and discursive mind of Thomas de Quincey, and master of his fascinating powers of description, the literary

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

world might have rejoiced in the possession of a chapter as wonderful as that writer's "Introduction to the World of Strife"; or, even more so, inasmuch as the Roman and Carthaginian forces, of which that class was composed, supplied better material than could be furnished by two gentlemanly boys of Greenhay in conflict with the street urchins of a Manchester suburb.

It may be asserted, very safely, that both Scipio Africanus and Hannibal, with their respective forces, looked forward to the joy-inspiring thought of the Christmas recess no more gladly than their organiser could do. The haze of overtaxed energies was closing around him again, so that he retired from his college duties to reflect on the strange intermixture of good and of ill in the web of life, and to encourage himself to a trustful composure. It was an escape from the domain of mental overwork to that of repose, the air of which favors the restoration of disordered nerves. If he wanted words for soliloquy or reflection, these would serve his purpose :—

> "I must be patient till the heavens look
> With an aspect more favorable."

Wesley College had many tender associations in the musings of R. H. Hart. Prominent amongst other significant memories of his college life would be this—there he attained his majority. A clever biologist has given it as his opinion that :—"Let a man live to as many years as he may, the best half of his life is the first 20 years of it." This important life-line Richard H. Hart passed when assistant master

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

at Wesley College. At the time when his duties in connection with that institution ceased he might be thus described: He was taller than most young men of the day, slightly built, yet there was an elasticity in his step which bespoke a reserve of latent power. He had clear grey eyes, tender in their expression, inducing confidence; his eyelids drooped with a delicate modesty; his mouth indicated considerable firmness of character and symbolised an inflexible will. That feature of his countenance which most quickly caught the eye was his fair large forehead—a brow smooth with truth and out-spoken on his capacity and kindness. It was withal a thoughtful face, with lines of strength faintly painted on it. Go where he might he carried with him the graceful, if silent, commendation of a goodly countenance. In every one of the many communications sent to me he is spoken of as "gentlemanly." Indeed, his carriage distinguished him, and his deportment had in it the subtle beauty of manner, the repression and self-effacement of good breeding. Such was Richard Hart when he parted from his *Alma Mater*.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

## CHAPTER III.:

# MR. HART A LOCAL PREACHER.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*a.*) A band of men whose hearts the Lord hath touched.

SAMUEL.

(*b.*) Thomas Maxfield is one of the greatest instances of God's peculiar favor that I know * * * * He is my astonishment; how is God's power shown in weakness!

LADY HUNTINGDON.

(*c.*) In motive, aim, and deed coincident. Their common rule of life the word of God; their power to act His grace; their highest end His praise.

MILLS.

(*d.*) I am not clear that brother Maxwell should not expound at Greyhound Lane, nor can I as yet do without him.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Take care what you do with respect to that young man (T. M.), for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are.

WESLEY'S MOTHER.

(*e.*) I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.

ST. PAUL.

(*f.*) Give attendance to reading.

ST. PAUL.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER III.

(*a.*) When Mr. Hart was nineteen years old his name appeared on the Williamstown Circuit Plan as a local or lay preacher. He took his position there under more favorable circumstances than commonly fall to the lot of those who labor in the church as lay agents. To his personal piety he added the auxiliaries of great natural abilities and considerable scholarship. He esteemed it a privilege to be associated with this devoted class of workers in the Christian church. Of these good men it may be truthfully said, as it was of the early Apostles—"They are identical in spirit with their Divine Master; the whole world over they are one in motive, aim, and deed, and have earned for their order a good report." They have not been deterred either by difficulty or danger from taking their part in proclaiming the mercies of that dispensation to which a former, the Mosaic one, was to do homage. They have with talent varying from the ram's-horn to that of the silver trumpet preached it as "a dispensation of life and immortality; a dispensation far more simple in its constitution, but far more elevating in its bearings and tendencies; a dispensation rich in the diffusion of spiritual elements, ample in its

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

resources, liberal in its supplies, vast in its immunities, irrestrictive in its privileges, entrancing in its prospects, ennobling in its communications, inspiriting in its influences, and glorious in its consummation."*

(*b.*) It is not my duty here to enter into a defence of this valued coadjutancy, neither is it my intention, yet I may remind those who speak disparagingly of it that the first Christian ministry was, in the strictest acceptancy of the word, a lay ministry—that those churches which in past years sternly opposed lay preaching are, at the present time, availing themselves of it as a sort of "*fly wheel*" to give an increased momentum to more finished machinery, thereby adding to its working speed and power.

For such persons as object, in spite of the elections made by Christ Jesus himself of His workers, to the absence of status and culture, I bring a reproof from the teachings of an Arab philosopher, who writes thus of God's choice :—

Whom hath He chosen for His priests and preachers—
Lords who were eminent, or men of might?
Nay, but consider how He seeks His teachers,
Hidden like rubies unaware of light.
Save God, there is none high at all,
Nor any low whom He doth call.

God is The "Honourer," whose favour maketh great. According to Zechariah, the son of Iddo, such work is done "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

* This citation is taken from an essay on the local or lay ministry by Richard Mills, a Wesleyan local preacher.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"After his conversion, whilst at Belfast, Richard soon began to think of working for Jesus, and seemed to have the idea that he would be called into the stated ministry. He frequently gave me—Mr. Lancaster wrote thus—his ideas on passages of scripture that he thought would make good texts, and he once remarked—'Perhaps you and I may be on the same circuit some time.'"

Before Mr. Hart's name appeared on the plan just named he had preached his first sermon at Mount Cotterel, near Williamstown. At that time he was about eighteen years of age. A competent judge of his pulpit exercises speaks thus of them:—"His sermons were marked by clear thought, beauty of expression, biblical research, and pious earnestness, and will be remembered by many who heard them in the circuits of Williamstown, St. Kilda, Prahran, Preston, Heidelberg, and Stawell."

Another witness says:—"As a local preacher his sermons were always listened to with pleasure and admiration; the announcement that he was to preach in Stawell was always the signal for a full church."

(*c.*) Those who form this self-sacrificing order of workers are occasionally prejudiced by men entering their ranks who are

". . . . . Too inspired to seek
One grace of meaning for the things they speak."

From the first authority just quoted we learn that when in Stawell he held a number of important offices in the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

church there. His position as a local preacher was no sinecure, and he also undertook the duties of a society class-leader, choir-master and organist, and circuit steward; rendering very valuable assistance, too, in the Sunday school.

Whoever has served the church in any one of the offices enumerated will admit that the man who held two or three of them at a time must have been "industrious as a wild bee questing honey-buds, on busy winglets flying," or "active as a hundred-handed Briareus."

Amidst the demands of secular duties, added to those rendered to the church, he was not neglectful of meetings for united prayer, knowing this assuredly—

> "Good fellowship hath any man with him,
> To whom Heaven's ear as quick inclines itself,
> As doth a mother's when her babe's lips move."

(*d.*) But to return to the consideration of Mr. Hart as a local preacher. It is pleasing to find the opinions adduced sustained by that of the Rev. J. S. Waugh, D.D., which will be seen in that gentleman's statement of his esteem for Mr. Hart a few pages further on.

Those who are curious or interested in this department of his public life may wish to read a passage or two from his sermons. This wish shall be gratified, but it ought to be borne in mind that if the selections presented do not sustain the impression derived from the commendations here produced, Mr. Hart's position will not be singular in this respect. Judging from the only occasion on which I heard him speak in public, I would ascribe his effectiveness to a

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

pleasing personal appearance, a clear and expressive voice, combined with lucidness of statement, fluency of language —if anything too florid—and a strong faith in the rightness of the views which he advocated. Neither voice, action, nor appearance can well be presented in print.

The young preacher made a good use of his acquaintance with our modern poets, was often very felicitous in the use he made of Holy Scripture, and very often, and naturally, drew assistance from music and the book of nature when illustrating the subjects on which he descanted.

(*c.*) He was a worthy representative of the class of preachers to which he belonged.

The first extracts now presented are taken from a sermon on Luke, 24 ch. 29 v., "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." The cry of Abide with me is treated as the cry of the weary; of the church, of the contrite, and of the dying. The unconscious cry of the world at the present time for the presence of Christ and the peace he gives is thus uttered:—"'Abide with us.' It is the unconscious cry of the weary ones for the constant presence of their Lord, the Comforter; it is the unconscious cry of the world at the present time. We live in an age of profound research, keen criticism, vigorous thought. Everything must be put to the test; it is not sufficient for us that our fathers have placed their names to certain doctrines and views: we must know why they did so, and we must judge for ourselves whether we will believe the same or not. And, brethren, Christianity has nothing to

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

fear from this spirit of enquiry, but everything to gain by it. It is only the false diamond that shrinks from the chemist's skilled test; the true diamond comes from the severest ordeals with a brighter lustre and an immensely increased value. So it is with the word of God. Set your keenest intellect to work on that word, and subject it to the closest criticism; it will bear it all. Those things accepted by the faith of the believer will shine more brightly, and he will have a firmer confidence in the everlasting foundation."

Church frogs are honestly dealt with, and their croakings reproved, in the extract which follows :—

"How often does the church as a body take this sad walk to Emmaus? 'We trusted that it had been He that should have redeemed Israel, and besides all this, to-day is the third day since all these things were done,' and the Church of God puts on sackcloth and we hear God's people saying: 'O for the good old times! Things are not as they used to be. I remember when we used to have sinners converted every day, and when God's people used to be always praying and blessing God. How I used to enjoy those times! I was as happy as the day was long, but now we never see anything like a good work going on, and everything is so cold and dreary. I don't enjoy coming to church at all. But then we had such holy men of God in those times. They were men of prayer, and wrestled with God and worked like giants; we have no ministers like them now-a-days. We may write Ichabod upon the church doors, 'for the glory is departed from Israel.'" And the young people

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

take up the same sad refrain, and sigh for the good old days of which they hear so much, and prate about the worldliness of God's people. Shame upon you, brethren. Do you remember what the High Priest used to do with the scapegoat? 'And Aaron shall lay his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions and all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.' And that is just what some of you do; you usurp the function of the High Priest, and you come and lay both your hands upon the heads of your ministers and your church officers, and you confess to God a wonderful number of—not your own sins, not the sins of the people—but their sins, and you tell God how they have failed in their duty, and what a number of things they have forgotten to do, and how under their hands the church is dying away in these days, and His servants are not doing His work. Shame upon you, man! Have you not enough of your own shortcomings to confess that you must needs go and tell God all about your ministers and your leaders. Down upon your knees and pray that God may forgive your miserable cowardice, and cry from your heart, 'Lord, abide with me.' That is what the church wants, brethren—the presence of the Most High, an *individual* baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let us hear the yearning cry go up from God's people in their helplessness 'Lord, abide with us,' and we shall see the result; there will be no more talk of the decline of the church, and the loss of power in Christianity; there will be no more mourning over the wandering away of young men and the coldness of

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

our old men. There will be such scenes as we have scarcely dreamed of; there will be such cries for mercy as will frighten some of the old croakers. 'The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in.' It is the cry which should go up from the heart of every member of Christ's church."

The following passage on the peace of God indicates dormant energy capable of being nursed into uncommon power:—

"But what is this peace of God? you ask. I cannot describe it to you; 'it passeth understanding,' 'it is unspeakable.' Can you talk with nature? Look, then, at one of our grand sunsets when the 'god of day' is flashing his golden beauty in the west. Does your heart throb to that? Can you describe your feelings? Stand upon the sea shore and explain to me why to-day as those waves are singing a sad, sad song, they make you sad; why on another day they arouse in you strange wild thoughts, and yet again they soothe your rebellious passionate nature into rest? Why does the wind, sighing through the branches of the she-oak, sound to you weird and mournful? Why does the quiet moonlight hush your heart, and fill it with mournful thought, or awake in you repentance for the past and a passionate yearning to be pure and holy? Why should music touch your soul, and one movement on the organ make you feel as if you must march in time, whilst a plaintive melody brings a rush of hot tears to your eyes? Why do we love to look upon the pure and the beautiful?

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

You cannot explain to me the voice of nature and of art; neither can I explain to you the peace of God; but I can feel it in my heart, and you may feel it in yours."

A passage from the same discourse contains an arousing appeal to the church to be earnest and faithful in dealing with the unsaved.

"The man is dying morally and spiritually, and ready to go to greater depths of wickedness from his present misery and despair. Nay, but deal lovingly with him. Tell him that above there is a God, and that God is his Father and awaits his return . . . . We may vaunt the excellencies of our system of philosophy and theology; we may urge the refining influence of literature; we may praise the purifying influences of music; we may argue that a man ought to cultivate self-control. I grant you all that, but we have not time to discuss. Here is a dying soul before us, perishing for the bread of life, and in the name of all that is good and true let us not trifle with him. The question now is, how to give him relief and comfort, so we must ask you to stand aside with your elaborated creeds, and your carefully prepared systems, and urge him to cry with a contrite spirit and a true heart, 'Lord, come abide with me.'"

Yet another passage from this discourse merits a place here. It is a solemn appeal made to the impenitent in view of death.

"Death and eternity are perhaps the two greatest thoughts in our minds: have you prepared for them? Have you thought of the time when all labour must cease,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

when you shall have heard your last sermon and prayed your last prayer, when your last season for repentance will have passed away, and what is undone must be left undone, and as that time finds you—whether ready or not—you must stand before God? We dare not hold out to you a hope beyond the grave, and if you die unprepared you must also appear unprepared before the great white throne. A terrible thought, but if you have dared to live without God you will be afraid—though bolder than the boldest infidel—to die without him; and you know not when this death may come. The decree goeth forth and in the most unexpected moment the bolt is launched, and another soul has passed away from earth. The snap of a rope (this sermon was delivered in a mining district), a fall of earth, a single slip of the foot, and the end has come. One moment strong and hearty, a type of noble manhood—the next a crushed and mangled corpse, and the spirit has fled."

Mr. Hart's sermon on the Prodigal Son—text, Luke 15th ch. 20th v.—is one of decided merit. The introduction and the remarks with which it is closed are submitted to the reader, with a description of the prodigal between these:—

"Amongst all the gracious parables spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ while on the earth, the parable of the Prodigal Son stands by itself. It reads like a beautiful idyll, so exquisitely tender in its simplicity, so lovingly faithful in its attention to details. To the Christian it is the expression of a heavenly Father's yearning over a wandering son; to the man of letters, who looks upon it as a literary production, it is as a beautiful poem, full of force and vivid

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

power of description. Written in bold Saxon—the backbone and strength of our nervous English—it has in it an irresistible power of appeal which holds your attention and compels your admiration. It seems to have been drawn from the Great Teacher, if we may so speak, by the circumstances in which he was placed. The bright and joyous period of our Saviour's ministry was, even at this time, fast passing away. That part of His life which has been so aptly described as 'the Galilean spring' had gone: the summer and the autumn had shaded away into the past, and the dark heavy clouds of winter were beginning to lower over Him: the snow was falling on his path, and the chilly, frosty blasts of malice and wilful misunderstanding were blowing keenly upon Him. Even now the Sufferer was commencing to drink that bitter cup which was to wring from His lips, in the garden of Gethsemane, that mysterious and awful prayer: 'My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' At first the people had hailed with shouts of joy the advent of this mighty Physician, who made their lame to walk, their deaf to hear, their dumb to speak, and their blind to see. The high hopes of the Jewish nation; the purity of His life; the grace of His doctrine; the wonder of His miracles, had all combined to work upon the minds of the multitude. And so whenever he rose to speak in the synagogue there was that hush which testifies to the intensity of the feelings; and on the Sabbath, in the cool of the day, as by the shores of the beautiful sea of Galilee he had walked amongst the sick and the dying,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

healing their diseases and giving rest to their souls, the bewildered crowds had exclaimed 'Surely this is the Messiah.' But all this was now changing, and a bitter spirit of hate and malice was coming against Him like a surging wave when it angrily tosses its hoary mane and rushes on the doomed vessel. The opposition, too, was coming in the worst of all possible forms: it was the hate of the self-righteous for One whose spotless life was a constant reproof to them. It had risen in Nazareth, where his own townsmen had cast him out, and now even the simple-hearted, guileless Galileans had at last been stirred up against Him by the haughty Scribes and Pharisees. He had offended against all their most cherished notions. He had made Himself equal with God, and had said, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' He had gone to feasts and scenes of innocent enjoyment, and they had called him a glutton and a wine-bibber. He had even declined to be bound by their rules for fasting; and, worst of all, instead of choosing His followers from their ranks—instead of going to the schools of Shammai and Hillel for His disciples—He had called a publican to Him, had taken a feast in his house, and in the home of a scrupulous Pharisee had allowed an abandoned woman to bend over His feet, bathe them with her tears, and wipe them with her hair. And now, whilst journeying to Jerusalem, he had allowed sinners and publicans to eat with him. In answer to the cry then raised—'This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them,' the Master delivered the three parables given in this chapter, of which the parable of the Prodigal Son forms the crown. But you

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

say it is a parable. It *is* a parable—a poem, or what you like to call it—but I wish this morning to realise it as a home picture, showing us how far we have wandered from God and the Father's tender yearning for us."

This introduction is followed by a description of the prodigal's home, his folly, fall, and the ensuing misery experienced by him. His past easy life is well contrasted with the drear desertion of his prodigal condition, and is followed by words that furnish a vivid picture of suffering.

"And now, without the glitter and the glamour of the past, an outcast from society, we have the *Prodigal Son.* And what a tale of suffering his face, haggard and wan, reveals. Where are his friends, his midnight boon companions? All gone! Gave they nothing to him? They spurned him from them * * * * or bestowed upon him a cold look of contempt. The way of the world all over. God help the man who has lost his money by an excess of generosity, or by extravagance! He has lost his claims to respect, and the world soon gives to him his place—for money can command companions, but it cannot buy friends!"

Other passages of equal force to the above carry the discourse to a natural close—an earnest appeal to the wanderer from duty and God, based on the love of the Divine Father:—

"But if you still hesitate, and feel half doubtful about coming out from your present state, try to think of the heart, full of bliss, that the prodigal had when he felt himself fully forgiven. I think the pleasures of a lifetime were crowded

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

into that one happy moment. And it is ten-fold so in the case of the weary seeking rest from God. It is the coming from darkness into grace's marvellous light: it is the escaping from a state of bitter unrest and dissatisfaction (you know the feeling) into a state of calm and happy peace of deep, abiding joy. Let me, then, urge you by the example of the prodigal son, by the thought of all his unhappiness and misery, and then his happy, happy meeting, to arise and come to your loving Father; but, if you will come, you must be prepared to leave behind you all your sins and evil companions, and in penitence come and kneel at the cross of Jesus, and the same loving One who received the worst sinner of His time will cleanse you and make you strong."

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee;
O Lamb of God I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God I come.

Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God I come."

Occasionally the young preacher appears to allow the Divine compassion to overshadow the attribute of justice claimed by Him who by the lips of Isaiah said 'I, the Lord,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

a just God and a Saviour.' Nevertheless, he held firmly, and defended with ability, the attribute of God's justice.

The attention of young men who are lax on this question is asked to the following passage taken from the Christian Theology of Dr. Pope:—"It is possible to exaggerate the love of God, and to make it inconsistent with the most obvious facts of experience. There is prevalent a tendency to ascribe to the Eternal God a certain all-commanding attribute of love, which is so described as to undermine the foundations of the doctrine of the Atonement. Love reigns *in* God, but not *over* Him."

(*f.*) Mr. Hart excelled as a reader in public. He gave the advantages of his training in elocution to all his pulpit speaking and reading. That mechanical reading of Holy Scripture and noble hymns, so painfully common in connection with the pulpit and the desk, in which the words are uttered without an attempt to express the sentiment of the writer by pause, tone, or emphasis, was never a part of his public efforts. He studied to realise in his own mind the thoughts of the writer, and then to deliver them as he supposed the writer himself would have done had he been in his place. To effect this he studied in private what he had to read in public.

When the requirements for public reading are made a part of our systems of education, and are understood by our audiences, bad readers will aim at improvement, or cease to inflict their defects on their hearers. Our schools will then exert such an influence on our pews that a tame,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

monotonous, singsong reading, either of Scripture or hymn, by the pulpit will not longer be tolerated.

Consideration must be extended to such as are not gifted with a good voice, as was Mr. Hart. The master who taught him elocution used to say, "Hart, your voice would make your fortune on the stage." But the owner of that voice counted it a gift from God, and strove to use it for His glory. "I would go any distance to hear Mr. Hart read," was a remark frequently made by those whose privilege it was to hear not only the letter but the sense of what was read made clear by his reading.

He had been carefully drilled into an understanding that —"To read well involves a perfect understanding of the construction of sentences, and ability to analyse complex forms of composition, and discriminate between essential and expletive words; it also involves a nice perception of the qualities of modulation, and their relation to expressiveness, together with ability to regulate the voice so as exactly to suit the sound to the sense. The study of the art of reading is thus valuable as a means of improvement in composition, as well for its influence in refining the taste, as for exercising all the faculties of perception, expression, and adaption."

To whomsoever this paragraph belongs it is a study worthy of close attention from everyone called to speak or to read in public.

No part of Mr. Hart's duties were more carefully or conscientiously attended to than those connecting him with

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the church choir. And to the duties of *choir meister*, as to those of a public speaker, he brought the aid of study and careful culture. An increase in the number of such *meisters* will necessarily result from the greater attention that is being paid to this science the world over. The "good old times," when people acted as if they thought that any sort of singing was good enough for God's house, and which were so productive of those very absurd and painfully ridiculous scenes in which parish clerks and country choirs figure, are past, although no further away than the near distant past, some of them being well within the personal knowledge of the writer. Inasmuch as church singing has been benefited by the wider cultivation of music, the too common absence of expression in congregational singing is an enigma. This defect ought to be remedied. Perhaps, until young Australia learns music from early childhood, as the Germans learn it, the defect complained of will remain. It certainly will not be removed by such general directions as "sing all, sing all in tune;" sing in tune will not effect its removal. Everyone readily admits that the taste for harmony, and competency to take a part, are natural gifts, and the various kinds of voices to be found in a congregation indicate endowments that correspond and wait for culture. Milton in recognising as the first and noblest employment of cherubim and seraphim, the angelic songs of laud which they continually offer, supplies an inspiring idea for singers on this earth :—

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels, for ye behold Him, and with songs,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

And choral symphonies, day without night
Circle His throne rejoicing.

Let earthly choirs emulate the heavenly one, and then!

The conspicuous place given to music in the Roman Catholic Church is known generally; but except amongst the German Roman Catholics the congregation takes no part, so far as I can learn, in its choral services. That part of choral service regarded as the most remarkable is the *Anthem*, the use of which has become peculiarly Protestant. It gives me pleasure to say that our young *concert meister* was very careful in the production of the anthem—a greater pleasure to present the statement of a competent authority, *verbatim*, on this part of his Lord's day work. It is thus given:—

"As organist and conductor of the Wesleyan Church Choir, Stawell, he was eminently successful. One feature of his singing instruction was the production of distinct enunciation. He spared no pains to cultivate the particular talent of each and the taste of every member of the choir, and the result was effective and pleasing. His correct ear and poetic taste enabled him to seise the sentiment of the writer of the hymn, and such was the perfect control he had over the choir that by a look or movement of the hand or the striking of a chord upon the organ he could move them from *piano* to *forte* at will. He was, if anything, more particular about the singing of the hymns than the anthems, though some of the latter will not soon be forgotten."

Those persons who yet cherish such memories, and others who have realised the purifying, elevating, disenthralling

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

effect of such services will probably find a description of the desire and sentiment associated with them in words supplied by an English poet, shy and sensitive as Cowper, but unwisely impulsive; who had "to die to become appreciated" by his countrymen:—

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
More! Oh! more—I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound,
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein
Passes into my heart and brain.

From two sources I am enabled to follow this hard-working young Christian through a seventh-day's engagements.

The following duties were attended to on each succeeding Sabbath day when Mr. Hart was not engaged in preaching. At the morning service he presided at the organ, and at the close of it remained to try over the anthem selected for the evening with the choir. After dinner he directed his steps towards the Sunday School, that he might assist the Superintendent when required. After the ordinary duties of the school were closed he remained for religious conversation with the numerous members of his catechumen class, on whom he bestowed much pains. This occupied him until tea time; this taken, often in haste, the time between tea and the evening service was devoted to visiting such cases of sickness as there might be amongst the members of the A.N.A., and from this work of mercy back to his seat at the organ through the evening service.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

The happiness of an earnest Christian man is supposed to be complete when his hands are full of work and his heart full of zeal. So be it; but in view of the worker not being of robust health, and having to rise the following morning at 5.30 a.m. to be in Ballarat, were not these engagements excessive? Evidently Richard Henry Hart lived the distinction between a laborer and a loiterer, between a Christian and the not-a-Christian, and the grave in which he sleeps was not dug by either lethargy or indolence.

Though resting in that grave he, by his consecrated life speaks yet —

"Yet speaketh!" By that consecrated life,
The single-hearted, noble, true and pure,
Which, lifted far above all worldly strife,
Could all but sin so patiently endure.
Oh eloquence! by this he speaketh yet;
For who that knew and loved could evermore
forget?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER IV.:

# FAREWELL TO COLLEGE.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*a.*) For I will restore health unto thee and heal thee.

JEREMIAH.

(*b.*) Get leave to work in the world—'tis the best you get after all.

E. B. BROWNING.

(*c.*) I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a nomenclator.

ADDISON.

(*d.*) The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable, Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free.

CARLYLE.

(*e.*) Attend my word, no place but harbors danger;
In every region virtue finds a foe.

MILTON.

(*f.*) Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

SHAKESPEARE.

(*g.*) It is sport to a fool to do mischief: he that uttereth a slander is a fool.

SOLOMON.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER IV.

At the time when Mr. Hart left Wesley College, where as scholar and master he had resided during eight years of a most important part of life, he bade farewell to those whom he had been so successful in teaching, to those with whom he had been so happily associated as a teacher, with the President of the College and his worthy wife, with those tender and well-wishing thoughts called up by the word farewell. Nevertheless, there was one farewell spoken of to few, and then in a soft undertone, more painful to utter than any other; it was his farewell to hopes of University honors. A painful farewell, this, for an ambitious undergraduate to utter. Often and longingly had he looked towards those as the reward of an unflagging assiduity, assured in his inner consciousness, and by the word of those most competent to give an opinion, that, could he sustain himself sufficiently long on the wing—or, in plainer phrase, could he read as he wished to do—he would have alighted amidst the competitors on that arena gracefully, and contested for those honors with a success equal to that which had marked his school and college course. And it was not from the application or the toil he shrank; for the spirit

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

was willing, but the flesh was weak. So he had to wean his thoughts from scholastic distinctions and fix them for a while on the recovery of strength.

(*a.*) Made free from professional duties, the young invalid courted the invigorating influences of inland and of sea-side ozone. Geelong and Loutit Bay (or Lorne) were successively tried with slightly beneficial results.

Thus the erst resident master of Wesley College was cheered by the faint smile of returning health, ministering gladness to the present and hope to the future of his days. He was not at all decided as to the exact course of action he would pursue. A retreat presented itself at Stawell, where he could take rest and have parental counsel whilst evolving and maturing the working of his active brain; and of this he availed himself. His father, the Rev. R. Hart, was nearing the end of his pastoral duties, and looking forward to the enjoyment of

"The bonny blyth blink o' his ain fireside."

The constant removals attendant on the "itinerancy" give to such a possibility an inexpressible charm. Whilst the days tended to this point he was joined by his son, who found to his great delight a decided improvement in his health, the air of Stawell agreeing so well with him that he gained strength more rapidly and enjoyed life more vigorously than for a long time previously.

The subtle art of reading providential dispensation is professed by the many; it is possessed only by the few.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

They who acknowledge God in all their ways have the promise that their steps shall be directed. Here was a family that acknowledged God; would the promise fail them? Sincerely and often they had prayed—

"* * * * * Lead us not astray
Teach us to find the *proper* way."
And trustfully saying one to the other
"Haply there shall come a grace
And a guidance; and in fearing
God and following His will,
Blessed and secure shall we be still."

And the grace and the guidance so earnestly sought had been given; neither was a Daniel needed to read out to them the accompanying indications of security.

(*b.*) Stawell was the selected home of the parents. Its climate was balsamic and health-giving to their capable son, their friends pointed to an existing want, and under these favoring circumstances Richard H. Hart decided that Stawell should be his "Actual;" here he saw his duty, and, in a philosophic sense, his "Ideal;" and he commenced the work of realising an exalted one by securing for "Ellerslie," an educational establishment for young ladies, a premier position amongst similar establishments in the colonies.

(*c.*) The young Principal was simply just to himself when he headed his prospectus—R. H. Hart, Melbourne University, Draper Scholar, formerly Resident Master at Creswick Grammar School, and lately, for four years, at Wesley College, &c.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

That his name was not followed by at least one set of initials indicating a University degree was not through any fault of his. Men who carry such honors at the present time, and wear them as tokens that

"They scorned delights and lived laborious days,"

and burned their midnight oil in the prosecution of hard studies, had a pleasure in speaking of him as possessing "the ability and assiduity" which, but for the obstacle of infirm health, would have secured these for him beyond a doubt.

Indeed few young men have commenced such duties as he undertook at Stawell with higher testimonials as to moral work and scholastic ability than Mr. Richard H. Hart. The testimonies to his high moral character are many, and the character of them may be judged by the following examples :—

"The most perfect boy-life I have ever known."

"As a professor of religion his conduct was unimpeachable."

"From testimonies which have come to me, unsolicited, I judge that no school was ever blest with two pupils so pure and amiable yet firm in their religious convictions as these two friends" *i.e.*, the son of the writer and the subject of this memoir.

And let it be borne in mind that the attestors in each case had the best possible means of knowing him of whom they spoke through several successive years. I will only

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

add one other. It, too, is from one who knew him intimately.

"This I will say, he lives in my memory as the most spiritually minded and consistently Christian youth with whom it has ever been my privilege to associate."

Equally decisive and honorable are the testimonies presented as to his scholastic attainments and capacity for imparting instruction. The first I adduce is from Mr. Samuel Fiddian, M.A. (St. John's Coll., Camb.), Principal of the Creswick Grammar School.

"I have much pleasure in testifying to Mr. R. H. Hart's merits as a teacher, as well as to his excellent character and attainments. I consider that he possesses in a considerable degree the art of rendering a subject interesting and intelligible to his pupils; that he has right views about maintaining discipline, with kindness and firmness—in a word, that he gives promise of becoming a first-rate and successful teacher."

The second is supplied by a gentlemen of whose assistance in his student days he often spoke, and the memory of whom he cherished to the day of his dying, Mr. H. M. Andrew, M.A., (also of St. John's College, Cambridge), Head Master of Wesley College.

"In 1873 Mr. Hart joined the staff of the College as a Form Master, a position which he resigned at the end of last year because of his health. In the discharge of his duties he was most conscientious, painstaking, and successful. I have rarely met with a gentleman who so rapidly acquired the difficult art of managing boys by quiet firmness. His

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

attainments both in Language and Mathematics fit him for high work in a public school. I felt justified in entrusting the fourth form of this College to his care (although the first was his own form) in French and in Mathematics; moreover, Mr. Hart can impart what he knows pleasantly and successfully. In manner, temperament, and disposition, Mr. Hart is so happy that he has always won the affection of his pupils and the sincere regard of his colleagues. I can heartily recommend him for any scholastic appointment of the nature referred to in this certificate, or for any private tuition."

The third commendation is from a gentlemen whose fame as a genial and exceedingly able professor of the art of teaching is known through all the Australian Colonies and far beyond.

"Grammer School, Hawthorn, 7th May, 1878.

"My friend, Mr. R. H. Hart, worked with and under me for some years at Wesley College. He had the extremely difficult charge of the Junior Form in the school, and in the discharge of his duty he showed great tact, patience, and ability. Mr. Hart is a very pleasant, as well as a good teacher, and while he made the boys work he also made them like him. At the same time Mr. Hart's knowledge and abilities were equal to far higher work than that of the form over which he habitually presided, and he showed this when from time to time he took charge of higher classes. Whatever the school duty might be which I had to entrust to Mr. Hart, I could always be sure of finding it well and conscientiously discharged. Mr. Hart informs me that he now purposes open-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ing a School for Young Ladies. He is, I am sure, well fitted for the task; for, though firm in his discipline, he is gentle and patient, and can put all that he has to teach brightly and intelligently before his scholars.

"M. H. IRVING, M.A.,
"Late Professor in the University."

As a preliminary to his main design, Mr. Hart had purchased and fitted up suitable premises, situated in one of the most pleasant parts of the town of Stawell.

(*d.*) This establishment, of which he was to be recognised head, was distinguished by the appellation ELLERSLIE, a name taken from some verses written by Eliza Cook, entitled "Marion's Song," which the wife of Sir William Wallace is supposed to have sung during his absence from her.

There were not wanting amongst Mr. Hart's friends those who spoke of his comparative youth as a disqualifying circumstance in the enterprise; but even this, in view of his exceptionally high reputation, and a knowledge that his parents would form a part of the establishment, was not considered of sufficient weight to prejudice it seriously.

In the month of July, 1878, ELLERSLIE was opened for the reception of pupils. The close of the first term was celebrated joyously. A concert was given, which proved to be a great success. This concert may be regarded as a parent concert of the much larger ones with which the principal's name was afterwards associated. During one of the intervals Mr. Hart presented the first of his half-yearly

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

reports of the *Ellerslie Ladies' School* to the parents and friends of his pupils, during the Christmas of 1878. In it he expressed his thankfulness for the amount of support accorded to him, also for the good-will shown towards him by the public generally. A pleasant reference to his youth and to his being a new comer—both of which "faults" would be removed by time—was followed by a statement that his efforts had been successful to an extent beyond his "most sanguine expectations, and he ventured to assert beyond any similar undertaking of a private nature in the Colony for a long time."

He was more than pleased, he said, with the work that had been done by his pupils, and referred to the existence amongst them of a healthy *esprit de corps.* The salient points of daily school life were enumerated. He disclaimed any sympathy with the belief of Dogberry that "to read and write comes by nature," and consequently had mastered the best systems of teaching both these arts. He condemned certain methods of teaching in vogue, and stated his intention to insist upon the work of his scholars being done thoroughly. The examination of the papers prepared by them on various subjects had afforded him pleasure, and gratification "to an extent he had not experienced in the examination of many hundreds of papers" elsewhere. The efficient aid given by Mr. Hart's assistants was acknowledged, and the report closed with a piece of opportune advice:—"To my pupils I would say—As you have worked hard during the school term, so do you play hard during the holidays. Fling Latin and the enjoyable geography to

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the winds, and allow the fascinating algebra to lose its charms for a season. And if you feel tempted almost beyond endurance to open your books, and do some hard reading, resist the temptation and devote your holidays to their proper purpose—innocent and healthful enjoyment. Then come back after the new year, strong and hearty, ready for the next year's work, and by this time 1879, if all go well, we shall be able to give a good account of our doings. And if your holidays give you as much pleasure as your work has given me, then I cannot wish you greater happiness."

Admirable terms, certainly, on which "to shut up books and off to play."

The advice which the Principal gave, in all seriousness, to his pupils, was simply the embodiment of a course which he himself practiced as religiously as if he were born to illustrate that passage in the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, in which he teaches that,—"When nature biddeth thee to be good and gentle to others, she commandeth thee not to be cruel and ungentle to thyself. Therefore even very nature prescribeth to us a joyful life, that is to say, pleasure at the end of all our operations."

The following incident is valuable because it indicates at once the impartiality and the solicitude of the brother teacher for the real advancement of a sister. The heroine of it has supplied a neat, honest preamble to her brother's letter. Judge of it yourself, good reader.

"It was Richard's custom while he held school at Ellerslie to send home with each girl a half-yearly report—at Mid-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

winter and at Christmas—of her school work. My own work since Christmas had not been satisfactory, consequently the report I had to take home was not as favorable as it would have been had my lessons been better learnt. Richard knew I would feel troubled about this, and so he sent me a kind, brotherly letter, a copy of which I now send you, dear sir."

"Geelong, 14th July, 1880.

"My dear Florrie,

"I take the first opportunity that has presented itself of writing to you on the subject of your report. I daresay you felt disappointed and perhaps thought I had spoken too harshly, but I think a moment's reflection will convince you that I could not have spoken truthfully of your work and have said less than I did. But I wish rather to speak of the future. Your success lies in your own hands; there is no reason why you should not come out splendidly at Christmas.

"I want you to remember that you have natural good ability, but the best ability is ruined if not combined with steady application. You see a thing quickly, or rather you see half of it, and you therefore do not bend your mind to it as some one else does, who takes longer time, but in the end understands more of the subject than you do.

"I have had to fight against the same thing, and I know that nothing but a steady application and a determination to thoroughly master every detail of the subject will cure you. I know the difficulty under which you labor—that of seeing a point too quickly and too superficially. As I say,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

I have fought against it myself and I have conquered; you have good health and may do the same. I do not reproach you in the slightest; very far from it. I wish both you and your sister would make me more your brother than your teacher. I know my manner is often distant. Remember, I have a great deal to think of, but you must not let that keep you away from me. I, on my side, will try to make you feel nearer to me, and you must both try *to do the same* on your part, so that we may understand each other better. I hope you and your sister will make up your minds for some steady plodding, and will bring your difficulties to me and we shall get on better. With best love to all, in which Tom joins me,

"Believe me, your ever affectionate brother,

"R. Hy. HART."

Thank you very much, Miss Florrie, for allowing us to learn more fully, by the help of this letter, that your brother so thoroughly understood some of the essential elements of successful teaching. He shows in what he wrote to you the importance of winning the confidence of his pupils, of being in sympathy with them, ascertaining their natures and their natural gifts, showing an interest in their advance ment, winning their love as a friend and not exciting their fear as an overseer. The mere recitation of a lesson by a pupil would not satisfy him; he looked for proof that the understanding was engaged as well as the memory. He evidently might be trusted for doing his part towards impressing the youthful mind with the fact that future success in life depends on doing school work well. The

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

inspiration of teaching is bestowed only on favored teachers. A writer on education, one of my respected "Anon's," expresses himself thus :—"Not one in a thousand of teachers is inspired. The other 999 cannot draw anything out of any soul. Let it content them to furnish food by which the soul may grow; that is by becoming instructed. Such uninspired teachers may in their hap-hazard or dull plodding way, assist some ravenous soul in finding his path to the tree of life (? knowledge) although they themselves have never tasted one of its leaves." This writer, whilst acknowledging the worth of educating, feeding the mind, urges that "the light and sweetness of it should be drawn out by the teacher."

Whether Mr. Hart was or was not an inspired teacher, he is to be credited with endeavoring to arouse and to bring into exercise whatever ability the learners possessed, and impressing on their minds Michael Angelo's significant axiom—"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

It is simply an act of justice to the recipient of the letter, who has so artlessly confessed inattention to school duties, to state that in the following half-yearly report she was greatly commended. In it she is credited with "an excellent position in her class, her Bible, English, History, and Latin, progress especially good, and all other subjects (thirteen in number) shew well." Out of a maximum of 100 marks for each subject her numbers ranged from 66 to 97; a considerable number being from 80 to over 90. Other proofs of marked advancement are recorded in the report

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

from which these statements are copied; showing clearly that the kindly advice of her brother had not been lost upon his pupil.

And now the way is clear for the account of the first vacation trip—kindly supplied by that one of the party who narrowly escaped being drowned.

Some little time before the Christmas vacation of 1879, Mr. Hart suggested to Mr. Akins, an intimate friend, an excursion to some portion of the Colony where shooting and fishing could be indulged in, and where there would be a freedom from the forms which society imposes on its members. After gathering much information and good advice, most of which was not very suitable to the circumstances, it was decided that the Gippsland Lakes and Mitchell River should be the scene of action. Accordingly a tent and the indispensable billy, fryingpan, &c., were purchased and a start made. The trip over was a most pleasant one, and having reached Bairnsdale in safety they pitched their tent on the banks of the Mitchell, just on the outskirts of the town. Next morning, having donned their sporting garments —which gave them the appearance of being two newly-fledged bushrangers—they waited on the local photographer in order to have their "pictures taken." The good man was somewhat astonished, and evidently puzzled, as to the character of his customers. Having timidly, but unsuccessfully, urged them to brush their hair, he endeavoured to find out what was required of him. He explained the difference between a vignette and full length portrait, and also enlightened them upon the meaning of the term *carte de visite.* By

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

dint of much questioning he found that his customers wanted a full length *carte de visite*, and having announced his terms as being cash in advance he set to work, and, to do him justice, produced as good a portrait of each as could be expected from such unpromising subjects. A boat was hired, and a few days after they pulled down the river, fixing their camp on the narrow neck of land known as Eagle Point, where easy access could be had either to the river or lake. The only event that marred the enjoyment of the holiday was the narrow escape of Mr. Akins from being drowned while they were out on Lake King shooting. He had swum away from the boat to secure some game, and after a time found he was becoming exhausted. Unfortunately the rowlocks of the boat were so fitted as to require two persons to manage it. Owing to this, and a stiff breeze which was blowing, Mr. Hart found himself unable to go to the rescue of his friend, who, despairing of help, had struck out for the shore, which was fully a mile distant. But the merciful Father, who listens to the cry of his children, gave wisdom to act in that hour of trial, for the idea flashed into Mr. Hart's mind to let the wind propel the boat on one side while he worked the oar on the other. Thus he was enabled to make some headway, and when Mr. Akins turned his head to take what he supposed to be a farewell look, to his great joy he found that the boat was perceptibly nearer. This gave him fresh strength, and, turning his back to the shore, he swam towards the boat, which he eventually reached in the last stage of exhaustion. This incident brought the friends into very close communion, and the night spent by them in that little tent on the shores of Lake King was a

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

sacred time to them both, binding them together not only in the ties of friendship, but in that closer bond that exists between the children of God.

Out of this incident arose another, which, in its humourousness, contrasted strongly with the former. The re-action upon Mr. Hart had been so great that he felt unequal to the work of helping to row the boat up the Mitchell to Bairnsdale, the difficulty being increased by the loss of one of the oars. It was therefore decided that a farmhouse about three miles up the river should be visited, and a shake-down asked for. Upon reaching it, the grotesque and dilapidated appearance of the friends so roused the suspicions of the farmer that he refused the request point blank. He relented so far at last as to refer the castaways to his wife, who, with true womanly sympathy, at once took them in, and gave them a good supper. The farmer, who was a real Englishman, after having his meal, became more friendly, and, entering into conversation, was extremely surprised to find that the two tramps were the principal of a ladies college and a tolerably well-known business man. He made the friends comfortable for the night, and next morning lent them an oar and a hat to replace those which had been lost, and had them conveyed down the river to where their boat was moored. Bairnsdale was reached in due course, and, after a few days spent very pleasantly in that town, Mr. Hart and his friend returned to Stawell and resumed work once more.

The year following a trip to Cape Bridgewater was arranged. The train was taken to Portland, and the friends, hav-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ing sent their impedimenta on by a fisherman's cart, walked out to the Cape, a distance of about twelve miles. The tent was pitched in a ravine which had been formed by the face of a hill having slipped away towards the sea, one of the most beautiful spots that could be imagined; it seemed to be specially designed for comfort and enjoyment, but on the second night a proof to the contrary was given. The wind had changed, and now blew right through the little valley where they had camped, and with such force as to threaten the safety of the tent. There was nothing to be done but slip on a few clothes, and, in the darkness, wind, and drizzle, tighten the pegs and ropes and make things as secure as possible. Many a laugh was indulged in as they thought of the jokes that their friends would have had at their expense could they see them in that lonely spot, fighting the elements for the possession of their frail habitation. Next morning they were none the worse in body, and had received a lesson which, on a subsequent trip, proved of great service. The sea air and dull weather did not seem to agree with Mr. Hart, and as he felt rather unwell at the end of the first week it was decided to break up the establishment, and spend the remaining few days at Mr. McKinlay's, where greater comfort and accommodation could be obtained. Hearing that a gentleman with his wife and family were staying there, who might not appreciate their somewhat uncivilised mode of dress, Mr. Akins relates that Mr. Hart indulged in the luxury of a paper collar, while he, who had no collar of any kind, greased his boots as a set off to his companion's intense respectability. The other visitors proved to be old friends of Mr. Hart's, and the rest of the time was passed very pleasantly.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Having derived decided benefit to his health from his river and lake excursions, Mr. Hart commenced school duties at the close of the recess with encouraging prospects, whether he regarded himself or his pupils. He secured the help of competent lady assistants, and during three years had met with very marked success. As a day school especially Ellerslie was in favor, and he could count, in addition to the day scholars, a few boarders; all of whom received careful oversight and judicious direction in the prosecution of their studies. The report already supplied may be accepted, substantially, as representing those he made at the close of successive "halfs."

Although the master of Ellerslie was sedulously attentive to the duties of his position, he found time to promote the interests of the several public bodies and institutions of the town; and in particular to its local charities. He organised concerts in aid of the funds of the local *Fire Brigade*, the *Mechanics' Institute*, and the *Hospital;* each of which was crowned with success and highly remunerative. After the concert given in aid of the Hospital he had the satisfaction of paying £67 into the treasury of that refuge for the sick and injured, and he was elected one of the life governors as an acknowledgment of the service rendered.

A like honor was conferred on him by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute; of this he was made a life member. Much as these proofs that his labors were prized by the committees of these institutions were valued by the recipient of them, he knew that over and above these he had won the goodwill and regard of the great majority

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

of his fellow townsmen. This was light and cheer to him. But the warmth of the sun brings out snakes and other reptiles, as well as birds of song and rich plumage.

Referring to Mr. Hart's love for music, one of his most intimate friends writes :—"There was just this difference between him and most musicians, that he used music in raising himself to higher things. He did not become the slave of music ; although passionately fond of it he did not allow passion to dethrone reason. It is a peculiar fact that musicians as a rule are good for little else. * * * He placed his musical talents at the service of God, and at the disposal of the poor and needy."

The explicitness of an engagement was always kept in mind by our young friend, yet he would not allow any engagement to lessen the interest he took in the affairs of the Australian Natives' Association ; these lay very near to his heart. Numerous as were his engagements, and exacting as at times they were on his strength, he found time to prepare and deliver a number of essays before the Stawell Branch of that Association. "The Round Table," "General Havelock," "President Garfield," "The Indian Mutiny," and other kindred subjects, were carefully treated by him.

Just two extracts from "The Round Table" will illustrate his style in this class of composition. The first an enquiry respecting chivalry.

"What is chivalry ? As well might you ask yonder couple who walk along, side by side, each wrapped up in the other and equally regardless of the existence of any but them-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

selves—what is love? Make the soldier define honor, and the preacher charity, or the Australian native patriotism—and when these are defined we may be prepared to define chivalry. You may clothe its meaning in words, but how tame and common-place these seem beside the thing itself. It is something like the *bouquet* in wine, so much talked of by connoisseurs and so impossible to be described."

The second may be called an application of his subject:

"The young men of to-day may learn a lesson from the courtly knightliness of knights of 'The Round Table,' which forbade the sneer of the scornful and hushed to silence the vile slander of the worthless. It is too much the fashion for the young man of the period to regard every woman as having her price, and to speak lightly and sneeringly of those who should be held sacred by them and protected from the slightest breath of suspicion. Our youth who is carefully training an incipient moustache and anxiously feeling a downy chin is flattered if he but pass himself off as knowing the ways of the town, and, according to his own account, would glory if he could persuade you that he was a second Don Juan. I believe that the future of our race will depend upon the position that woman holds among us, and I am proud to think that in this direction our Association may do grand work, and may, if it will, prove a second Round Table for the colonies."

Such was the bent given by the lecturer to the subjects on which he was accustomed to speak. Enforcing from them lessons of true manliness and purity, such as the above extracts will serve to illustrate, showing that in

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

comparison with a pure and holy life all the honors and successes of the world are but as dust and ashes.

"Arthur was true knight and true man; he was also a true friend with a life unstained. He stands like a mighty pillar of strength, the glorious example to us all of the perfect man. No wrong with him remained unrighted, no trust was ever betrayed, no friend was ever forsaken, no claim for justice ever forgotten—a bright and shining example to all."

Occasionally Mr. Hart found time to pen a few lines for *The Australian Native*, a neat monthly, the first number of which was issued December 19th, 1882, under the auspices of the Board of Directors of the Australian Natives' Association. The first article on its third page states the paper to be the official organ of the A.N.A., adding, as the Association is entirely non-political and non-religious, so also will this journal be. However, as the mere reports of the various Branch Associations furnished a somewhat monotonous class of reading, the contributions of any one who would be at the pains of writing narratives or neutral articles are worth reading. Now and again weightier matter was relieved by lighter, grave by more gay. As a sample of Mr. Hart's contributions to *The Australian Native*, his "Jottings at the Grampians" may find its place, the more so as it is an account of one of his yearly "outings," in the enjoyment of which he sought recreation and invigoration.

JOTTINGS AT THE GRAMPIANS.—Soon after last Boxing Day we prepared for our annual "outing." I say "we"

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

because the same companion, whom we will call George, has shared my joys and sorrows on the three last trips. This year we decided to go to the Grampians, and, having hired a roomy waggonette and a strong horse, we packed up a fortnight's feed for man and beast, a capital old tent, our fishing tackle, and our guns. We left Stawell early on Thursday morning in our "one horse chaise," and the best of spirits. Our trap being well filled, for some time we made slow progress. The groom who started us must have possessed an unsuspected wealth of humour. We put the usual question to him, "Have you given us a good horse?" (Why have people so little regard for the future welfare of grooms, that they will make them perjure themselves? I must read up on this, as our Jack would say.) Prompt and ready came the reply, "Capital horse, sir; he's rather fresh; you must be careful how you hit him; speak to him first." We were careful, very careful, and until we found out the fraud that horse had the best of us, but after we had gone for some distance the pace seemed unreasonably slow. George braced himself up for the occasion. I drew my knees up to my chin for fear the horse's heels might come up too high, and we dared the worst. We spoke kindly to the animal, and touched him with the whip. He took it much more quietly than we expected, and we repeated the dose in a somewhat stronger form, and after our fears had vanished, we found that the innocent looking groom had taken us in, and that our horse would stand the usual amount of urging to travel without breaking his neck. George had a passion for kangaroo hunting, and we had spent some time looking for dogs for that purpose. We

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

called on a number of our friends, who were all pleased to see us and were quite delighted to think that we were going to have such a pleasant trip. They praised our idea of hunting the kangaroos with dogs as an excellent one, and each had his own tale of success in that line. Presently, however, my mate artfully introduced the real object of our visit, and slily insinuated (you don't know George, Mr. Editor, or you would appreciate his playful little style), "I suppose you don't know where we could get a pair of good kangaroo dogs," when all the time he really meant "I guess you know if you like to tell." It was positively amazing to find how soon the fountain of eloquence gave out "all of a suddint like," and each man became distressingly ignorant upon the subject. However we "rose" a dog the next morning. George remembered that a dog had been skulking round his fire-place for some days, and, as a sympathetic friend said, "Try him; you never know what's in a dog until you try him." The beast was not a prepossessing animal, but in view of future possibilities he became positively handsome. We placed him in the front of the trap, and lavished attention upon him, even allowing him to slobber over our clothes, and speculating as to the number of hares and kangaroos he would catch. Misplaced confidence. I shudder even now as I think of it, and if I had foreseen the awful force of my friend's prediction "you never know what's in a dog until you try him," I know I should have felt bloodthirsty. But I anticipate. There are some subjects too sad for comment, and this is one. A pair of hobbles and a bell formed part of our outfit, and I always felt happy as I looked upon them, feeling that both

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

were in a sense guarantees of the safety of our horse. More misplaced confidence! Dinner time found us "spanned out" at Ah See's, and before sunset we had passed Brigg's Peak, and entered "the Gap." I should not forget to mention that I saw on the way a genuine Chinese girl, dressed in a charmingly simple costume of loose jumper and a pair of trousers. The road inside the gap became ragged, rocky, and rutty, and to add to our troubles we found no water where we had expected a plentiful supply. The consequence was we had to push on for some distance further. It was later than we had intended it should be, and it took us all our time to get our horse tethered and fed, and the tent rigged up before the sun went down. There was, however, a beautiful long twilight, and we cut gum leaves for a bed, and a splendid bed they made, I can assure you—soft, springy, and sweet smelling. We thoroughly enjoyed our tea that evening, although it was only soup, fried parrot, and toast, with plenty of tea. George is a capital cook, and he turns out the meals as well as most ladies. In fact I think he is almost as good as a Chinaman. If you want a dainty dish, shoot some fat parrots and mountain pigeons, as we did, pluck and "draw" them, and cut the bodies down the centre of the breast; fried in fat they can't easily be beaten. After a good meal my mate took out his pipe, and I wandered along the hill-side in the evening light, waiting for the moon to rise. The scene of beauty was one I am not likely soon to forget. I stood in a gorge between two ranges. There in front of me towered the lordly Grampians, rising sheer to the height of several hundreds of feet, every crag and every peak glowing

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

gently with the beautiful twilight, which softened down all hardness, and clothed the harshest peak with "a beauty all its own." There were immense rocks, which in the daylight had looked like stern forbidding sentinels placed at the entrance of one of Nature's palaces, which now seemed to beam with kindly welcome on us as guests. Deep ravines took upon them in the softness of the radiance a fresh glory, and lured man on to closer communion with them. Withered and blasted trees, with their gaunt arms stretched out to the sky in pity, which, in the daylight, had seemed to mutter curses on their hard fate, yielded to the magic influence, and brightening up amazingly, tried to think themselves young and blooming again. The shrubbery threw out its richest fragrance, and filled the air with perfume of the rarest delicacy. The trees that were yet young and beautiful nestling together in their timid love, seemed almost afraid to whisper, for fear they would break the strange spell of the silent night; and the very zephyr hushed its faintest whisper as it passed over the spot, and like the last rich chord of an organist's voluntary, trembled away into a long-drawn sigh. The water at my feet threw back the light of the sparkling stars which were being hung out as lights in the sky above me—Longfellow's "forget-me-nots of the angels." Looking upward what a sight met my eyes? The milky way was stretched right across the heavens like a well-trodden path, full of mystery and of hallowed beauty. The most striking of all constellations, our glorious Southern Cross, had swung into its place, and Orion's belt shone clear and beautiful, while the rich lines of Sirius glowed like a fire. And while I gazed spellbound,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

held by the intensity of the awful stillness around me, for every sound was hushed to rest in the presence of Nature's glories, suddenly right down the valley a wall of mist came stealthily creeping along until it threatened to blot out everything. The very stars blinked at its presence, and the beauty and majesty of the scene had been rudely broken. But the mist came steadily on, first in puffs of fleecy whiteness, then in deeper and heavier clouds rolling along the mountain's side. But it lay not there for long, for as suddenly as it had come, so suddenly did this cloud lift higher and higher until it left us, and then I could see that it had been only the fall of the curtain before a gorgeous transformation scene, for as it went, I saw that a new beauty and an increased majesty had been added. The queen of night had left her chamber, was starting to pace her path in all her loveliness across the starlit sky. The grandeur of the scene had been increased tenfold, and as I saw how every twig on every tree, how every little headland on the hills, and every little hollow in our path was crowned with glory and majesty, I felt that Nature had become overpowering, and language unequal to the task of description; there was nothing left but to take off one's hat and worship, and rest assured the thoughts of the first evening in the Grampians were "long deep thoughts." Next morning we rose to the song of the warblers, and, after breakfast, strolled off with our guns. On our return to camp our horse, which we had left hobbled, was nowhere to be seen; tired and hungry there was nothing to be done but go in chase. Fortunately he had only hobbled along for about two miles, but the eager manner in which George and

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

I followed up the trail of the hobbles on the road and off the road, would have gladdened the heart of a black-fellow. We profited by our experience, and for the rest of that trip, when we went from camp for any length of time, our fast-going charger suffered the penalty of his indiscretion, and remained tethered. On Saturday we harnessed up and went some miles further on to the Mackenzie River. I dare not start to describe the beauties of that journey. Arrived at the river late in the evening we found ourselves in the midst of rabbits. They were simply everywhere, and our noble dog had ample opportunity of distinguishing himself. You have anticipated my verdict—he utterly failed. Of all frauds that make men's hearts ache at the thought of injustice, that dog was the worst. The rabbits "ran rings round him," and I believe thoroughly frightened him out of whatever wits he had once possessed. He contented himself with running, barking, and snapping at some of the smallest. That dog—I write it in deep sorrow of heart—is as great a fraud as my maiden aunt, who, after a pilgrimage of fifty weary years in this vale of tears, celebrated her twenty-third birthday last week. At least if it wasn't my aunt, it was somebody else's, and that's all the same. As the sky was something like the sweet child making insane attempts to smile at the visitor—in other words threatened wind—we pitched our tent in a group of saplings, and erected a strong break-wind; having first shot a pair of rabbits for our Sunday dinner. Sunday was like washing day at home, rather squally, and Monday being New Year's Day, we resolved to enjoy ourselves. George's wife had thoughtfully supplied us with an excellent Christ-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

mas pudding, and part of this formed our second course. I rejoice now to think that we managed to eat so much of it, but I grieve when I remember that I left a rich plummy piece right in the centre. Leaving it on our "table," we debated whether we should have it next time "hot or cold;" the question was settled for us before we returned. Having performed our ablutions at the river, and filled our billies for tea, we returned to the camp full of pleasant anticipations of plum pudding. The first thing I noticed was our dog reposed at full length, wagging his tail, and looking almost angelic. I called George's attention to him, and said, "He's not so bad, after all, if he does love the bunnies too much to try to catch them." The dog's delight seemed so ridiculously disproportioned to the mere fact of our return home, that when I saw some sugar on his nose, I thought it time to look for a better reason. How little did I think that, like some men and women, his grateful looks and smiling welcome arose from the fact that he had filled his stomach at our expense. But so it was. Oh woeful tale! That wretched dog had eaten all our pudding, finished our parrots, and licked up all the sugar he could find. In the face of such a catastrophe I felt powerless. My grief and sorrow overcame me, and I contented myself with compelling that ungrateful animal to take up his quarters at a distance from our camp. George was very aggravating, almost brutal in his manner. "Never mind," he said "the dog has given you an incident for your notes." As if "an incident" for the *Native* was to be compared with a slice of fine plum pudding. I wonder I did not brain him on the spot for such a cold-blooded

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

thought! And in talking it over with him, the only consolation I could obtain was his expression, "I would almost as soon he had prigged the brandy." When I tell you that George is Secretary to a Tent of the I.O.R., you will appreciate the magnitude of his sacrifice. But there! I can't talk coolly over the subject of that dog's base ingratitude. We spent that afternoon quietly. Soon after we settled down I saw George uneasily investigating a part of his apparel. He was lying on his left side, and hoisting up his right leg he drew his finger smartly along his trousers until, as I saw a light come, it dawned upon me that he was striking a match. I ventured to remark that it was "a custom more honored in the breach than the observance," when he quietly replied "Precisely, I quiet agree with you; some fellows strike them on their coat, but I like to strike them on the breeches." What can you do with a man who abuses Shakespeare like that? I have a great deal to tell you, but I must forbear. If I commenced to write about our fishing and our bathing in some "fairylike bowers," our shooting wild duck, plover and goose, our emu hunting, our kangaroo chase, *without* a dog, I am afraid I should never stop. The scenery and sport throughout the trip were simply splendid, and to any one who is in search of a thoroughly enjoyable outing, I need only to say "Come to Stawell at the right time of the year (any time but winter) and I can recommend you to a place where you may enjoy yourself to the full, and from which you will come back contented and happy."

Stawell. R. H. H.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Thus year succeeded year, during each of which Mr. Hart pursued a steady course of routine duties, his lesser rests taken between the annual outings being simply change of employment, or a variation of his efforts to do good. At one time his talents were placed at the disposal of the danger-daring and toil-enduring miner; and now the sick in the hospital had the benefit of them; or, by their use he extended a helping hand to the aged and infirm, who ambled across their own floors, or nursed their "ain fireside." The studious mechanic had the advantage of them one day, and the active knight of the willow another; occasionally he assisted to give a delicate complimentary "return" for the musical assistance given to Stawell by other musical celebrities; and, if he ever exerted them with a greater zest than ordinary, perhaps it was when the effort was in favor of those brave men who fight the destructive element of fire under their generous motto—"Ready to Save."

The curt action suggestion—"Sometime, somewhere, somehow"—kept him constantly at work. Not unfrequently he occupied positions prompting the aspiration in those around him, "such be my labor and such be my reward."

(*e.*) But whilst he was thus employed, influences were at work to effect his hurt, the effects of which were too serious to be passed over altogether; yet, in consideration of those who were implicated, they shall be no further noticed than justice to the memory of the deceased demands.

Men are found in small as well as in large towns "for close designs and crooked counsels fit"—men to whom the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

destruction of another man's good name is a delight, and who need no other incentive to the base act than merit in those they seek to traduce. They are as persistent, too, in their evil purpose as the raven who haunts the eagle for perpetual quarrel, although the former knows that in every quarrel she is to come off worsted. The young school-master was called to experience that such men were where he elected to make his home.

There is a painful appositeness to this case in a couplet from Moore :—

"The heart that is soonest awoke to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorn."

(*f.*) He who loved flowers so much, and inspired a new love for them in so many hearts, was not touched, but pierced to the quick by the thorn of foul-mouthed slander. Of her Dr. Cotton, in his day, wrote:—

"No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares not sex nor age,
E'en MERIT, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms."

Every upright man is conscious of the truth written by Burke :—"We are all of us made to shun disgrace as we are made to shrink from pain and poverty." Therefore every upright man will thus shun it. But such a man may adopt other words of the great man just quoted—"Whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men!" Wherever the nature of the attack has connected

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

with it that which may be conscientiously conciliated, the claims may not be lightly treated or scorned; but, where this appears to be an impossibility, other means have to be resorted to. No man ever feared that the truth should be heard except the man whom the truth will condemn. Nevertheless, search for it may require time and skill, for where this thread of truth runs through a web of lies it is not detected without labor and cost.

(*g.*) A protracted search, in which paid agencies had to be engaged, resulted in the detection of the principal calumniator, and steps were at once taken for his prosecution. The exculpatory character of the evidence at command was overwhelming; nevertheless the action of the law was, in compassion to the offender, arrested, on condition that he published an apology, dictated by Mr. Hart himself, in such of the Colonial papers as Mr. Hart would name, and pay the costs incurred by the lawyers employed by himself and those incurred by Mr. Hart.

An opinion obtained in certain quarters that the detractor had more than one *particeps criminis* in this nefarious transaction. Whether this was so or not there is strong truth in the assertion of Howard:—

"It is the master piece of villainy,
To smooth thy brow and outface suspicion."

These strong words of Howard—an Earl of Surrey—are urged upon the attention of all to whom they are applicable in any degree.

A church court, called at Mr. Hart's request, for the pur-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

pose of investigating certain similar charges, did so during a sitting of several hours, and in a most exhaustive manner, and by resolutions pronounced him "perfectly innocent of the charges laid against him." The opinion of the venerable and reverend chairman of that court is thus stated as supplementary to the resolution:—"My opinion is that Richard Hart was utterly incapable of the conduct charged against him, * * * that he was an out-and-out Christian gentleman, incapable of even that levity which is sometimes indulged in by young men—whose piety is shallow—towards the other sex."

The reader may probably be asking what possible motive could induce different persons to, at different times, industriously circulate rumors to Mr. Hart's detriment. The question is easily asked, but not so easily answered. The law of libel is, unfortunately, so uncertainly administered in the colony that it would be dangerous to speak as plainly as might otherwise be done. With one of the principal witnesses in his grave, too, it must be seen that more than usual circumspection has to be observed.

In the case of the girl, who can say what visions might cross her mind at the power the making of such a charge as she did against her teacher might give her over him? The reader must supply the *hiatus* for himself, or herself, and to anyone who reads between the lines the task is not a difficult one. The verdict of an impartial church court, at which both parties were heard, carries its own conviction with it, and the character of one exonerated by such a body requires no bolstering up at my hands. Nor will it receive

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

any. The second case speaks for itself. A defendant in a slander suit does not usually bear the legal and other expenses incurred by the plaintiff, and the cost of inserting a most abject apology in a number of newspapers, if he has the slightest chance of gaining the case. And such was done in this instance. There are some on whose malevolent spirits the sight of a pure-minded and righteously living person has the same effect as a red garment is said to have on an infuriated bull. Let the reader calmly and dispassionately judge of Mr. Hart's character as pourtrayed in these pages. Read by the light of his other acts the charges are disproved without the necessity of citing evidence.

The helplessness of a man thus maligned could be illustrated by the name of some of the noblest and holiest of men; no wise man will enter into the hazardous course of a solicitous vindication of himself, and the evil consequences of these false allegations can rarely be warded by the hand of another, inasmuch as the vindication travels slower than reproach, rarely extends so far, and men are so constituted that they accept it unwillingly.

Such was the condition of the young school-master, and, convinced of the most effectual course open to him being to live down the opprobrium, he set himself manfully, if not cheerfully, to accomplish the task, on either the old or on new ground. A conscious integrity sustained him, so that he had solid ground for hoping for a satisfactory result from the severe testing process through which he was passing, and his heart was fixed trusting that somehow loss would ripen into gain.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Let it be kept in mind that he thus resolved whilst still walking in a present darkness, and his future all uncertain. Thus to do is to trust God in the truest sense of the word. Too many, alas! call a belief that God will do what they desire should be done at the time—trust in God. But real trust in God inspires such a confidence in His mercy, His faithfulness, His fatherly regard, as is not to be shaken though He see fit to disappoint every hope we have on earth. This gives to trust its value in the sight of a DISPOSER, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute; He having ordained our affairs in a manner other than our querulous weakness may suggest, we must accept it so, as the better for us, because:—

"Earth knows, heaven shows; the holy scriptures say,
How righteous and unerring is His way."

It is not difficult for anyone of us to confide in the Almighty Disposer, when there exists nothing to try our faith. But to do so when the heart is trembling, and the judgment perplexed, and the darkness and the terror plot against us, raising storms and tempests that threaten to overwhelm us—*this is faith.* False in so many things, the Arab prophet was true when he represents the Supreme Being as saying to such:—

"* * * We also plan—
They that love you are stronger than your haters.
Trust God, O man!"

In the case of a young Christian thus experiencing the darkness of adverse providences, when it appears as if

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

God had closed His ear to his prayer and forsaken him, it is well that an Elisha should be at hand to speak those words of assurance which drove away the fears of his servant,—"Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And if such an encourager is not at hand, an intelligent confidence in the unerring wisdom of God will overcome mistrust, and inspire the soul with a courage such as no emeny can overawe, no uncertainty terrify, no difficulty overcome. The more intimate friends of Mr. Hart recognised on his part the exercise of such a trust during this severe ordeal, and it was the basis of his courage undoubtedly.

At the close of 1881, Ellerslie experienced one of those lulls known to all educational establishments. The senior girls had completed the time assigned to them by their parents for school instruction, or, as a mischievious phrase has it, "having finished their education," left the school. Those who otherwise would have taken their place were not old enough. This, with the depressed state of the mining interests, and the prejudical effect from the far-flying shafts of the busy vixen scandal, led the principal to seek support elsewhere. Ellerslie was sustained until the end of 1882, when it ceased to be open for the reception of pupils. The necessity for this was not an absolute one, as the attendance showed, but in view of the several causes stated, it was judged advisable to take this step.

His pupils presented Mr. Hart with a valuable and handsome gold locket at the concert with which he closed

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the school. On the part of the public there was a general expression of regret when his decision to break up the establishment was known.

That Mr. Hart could not close Ellerslie, on which he had expended considerable sums of money to fit the edifice for what it was intended, without considerable financial loss, was an impossibility. The respectable portion of his fellow townsmen recognised this, and there was not wanting on the part of many of them the will to alleviate this part of his trouble practically.

A complimentary benefit was resolved upon; and an efficient committee formed to make it a monetary success and at the same time an evidence of the esteem in which the benificiaire was held by his fellow towns-folk. The following account of the entertainment is by the Stawell correspondent of the *Ararat Advertiser*:—"Not since it was opened has the Stawell Town Hall presented a more gay and lively appearance than it did on Tuesday evening last, on the occasion of the complimentary benefit to Mr. R. H. Hart, Principal of Ellerslie Ladies' School. Everything that earnestness of purpose and unflagging energy could do to secure a complete success was accomplished by the gentlemen who took the matter in hand. Every available seat, from its first front to the extreme back, was occupied, and the audience was in every sense a truly representative one, every class of the community, and almost every Friendly Society, giving their patronage. The concert was intended as an acknowledgment of the many services rendered by Mr. Hart to the charitable and other institutions

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

of the town, as well as an expression of sympathy for that gentleman on account of the injuries he had sustained through vile slander and idle gossip. The respectability and intelligence of Stawell, however, marked, in a most unmistakable manner, its reprobation and abhorrence of Mr. Hart calumniators by its presence on the occasion, and its enthusiastic applause when Mr. Hart came before the curtain to return thanks." The writer alludes to the aid given by Mr. Hart to the Mechanics' Institute, Hospital, Fire Brigade, and "other Institutions of the town," which had resulted in large sums of money being handed over to them, the Hospital and Fire Brigade especially. Prior to the commencement of the entertainment the members of the Fire Brigade, headed by a brass band, marched along Patrick and Main Streets, going through the evolutions usual on such occasions, under Captain Maddocks' command. The spectacular effect was good, and formed an important feature in the night's entertainment. The proceedings of the evening were brought to a close by singing the National Anthem, in which the principals and the pupils of Ellerslie sustained the main part—leading the audience. It was observed that not one person left the room until the patriotic anthem was sung through.

In 1879 Mr. Hart joined the Masonic brotherhood, which boasts that it sprang from the soul of wisdom and has "the works of upright men for its monument of praise." In that year he was admitted a member of the Eureka Lodge, No. 987, E.C., of Freemasons. He was connected with that lodge and filled various offices in it till

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the beginning of 1883, when, finding that his profession would require him to spend a large portion of his time in Ballarat, he joined the Orion Lodge of that City, in which lodge, at the time of his last illness, he held the office of S.D. Just before his death he expressed a wish to be buried with Masonic honors. During the whole of his illness the members of the fraternity had shown the deepest sympathy, and, when the sad event of his death occurred, a large number of officers and members from Ballarat, Creswick, Ararat, and other parts, came to Stawell to join with the brethren of the local lodges in showing respect and doing honor to the name of the departed. The Masonic portion of the funeral was conducted by Bro. S. J. Morgan, Worshipful Master of the Orion Lodge, assisted by Bro. Henry Jebb, Worshipful Master of the Creswick Lodge.

Anent his Masonic Associations, we are told that once, when on a visit to Ballarat, he appeared amongst the brethren of the craft "whom the Creator has enlightened, whom equity directs, and truth guides," as a visitor, he made his visit memorable by a remarkable speech.

"Spartan brevity" is the pattern formula by which a letter, bulletin, or despatch expressed in a few words is represented. I imagine the suitableness of the phrase to describe the speech delivered by Mr. Hart will be admitted by all who read it; nor will they fail to recognise the quick perception and mother-wit which he showed. At the close of the ordinary business a request was sent up to the Worshipful Master that he would ask Mr. Hart to address the brethren, so that those curious to do so might

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

judge of his ability as a speaker. The worthy occupant of the chair was anxious, it appears, to bring the sitting to a close, therefore his consent was given reluctantly, and accompanied with the remark—"Just one word, Mr. Hart." The popular young Mason rose from his seat, to the delight of the expectant brethren. Having bowed to the chair, he commenced his speech—"Worshipful Master and brother Masons—Thanks." He obeyed orders, or the order, literally, though by doing so he greatly disappointed those who had hoped for a speech.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER V.:

# THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER V.

Thousands, when in union joined,
Can mutual aid and thought supply,
Building up with strength combined
The giant tower of industry.

SCHILLER.

Among the great truths now generally accepted, none are better recognised than this one,—that, from the earliest period of the history of our race, whether in barbarous or civilized states, all great enterprises possessing a common interest have been attempted by the united agency of organised associations. The existence of fraternal guilds, or associations, similar in principle and, in some particulars, similar in detail to the A.N.A., have been traced as far back as the reign of King Canute. The principle of combination has exerted a powerful influence over the affairs of man from the earliest ages. Its power has been a cumulative one up to the present hour, and it will increase yet more and more. In it is embodied the main-spring of power, and in proportion as its impulses are stupidly or intelligently directed, the varied interests of the social economy are injured or benefited. Thus far it has been a hand-in-hand companion

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

with progressive civilisation ; a truth which speaks largely in its favor. Probably the objections occasionally heard against organised combinations rest on their being capable of direction to an evil end. If so, therein lies a potent reason for the increase of those which have before them a high and noble ideal—that such objections may be removed, or, at least, their force diminished.

May not the disposition which man manifested so early in his history in favor of organised combination have had nature for its foster-mother, if not for its real mother ? All God's higher works are organised bodies, not loose elements or disjointed members among which we look in vain for connection or co-operation. Men who profess faith in great and benevolent, and, I will add, Christlike undertakings, yet, nevertheless, persist in condemning organised combinations, would be equally consistent in saying they believe in roots and branches and leaves, but not in trees ; in flesh and blood and bones, but not in bodies ! The folly of such a position is so obvious as not to need comment. Organisation implies union, and union is strength.

Somewhere I have read these words :—"In this country institutions are spread over every part of its surface ; embracing every kind of object, possessing every element of power, combining every degree of energy, and affording scope for the developement and exercise of the vast resources of diversified talent, which give to this nation its acknowledged pre-eminence over other civilized states." Applicable primarily to the British Empire, this sentence is, with the exception of its closing words, applicable

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

to Britons' sons in Australia; and the pre-eminence of the parent country is shaping the ambition of ours. Young Australians are the sons of British sires, and they have already shown the father-land that on the field for sport, on the river, and on the field for battle, they possess the vigor of body and the energy of purpose which have characterised the stock from which they spring. The progress of Australia has been well described as being "by leaps and bounds." She cannot longer be overlooked by older nations. In a clear strong voice, combined with a firm and respectful manner, she has preferred her claim to a voice and a vote in the management of British affairs. She has told France and Germany that she demands consideration from them, and intimated to Russia her intention to defend her coasts against all invaders. And within due limits, young Australia can fulfil the obligations of an advanced civilisation equal to other nations. Appearances are all in favor of this southern race making their home *Australia Felix*, although the felicitous name is no longer to the fore, for, according to Kingsley,—"Wherever is love and loyalty, great purposes and lofty souls, even though in a hut or a mine, there is fairyland." All these belong to the patriotic sons of Australia. They are therefore, justified in claiming that title for this island continent in the face of the world; and claiming it they are, under a solemn obligation to maintain it. The *Daily Telegraph*, commenting on the laureate's declaration that we are sweeping into the younger day, says:—"Younger heads, younger hearts, and stronger limbs are to the fore. Men brimful of life and vigor are taking up the task which their

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

elders are fain to relinquish; reinforcements are pressing towards the breaches, where the veterans of British colonisation have fallen. 'The older order changeth, yielding place to the new,' and youth, 'full of pleasure,' is superseding age, which is 'full of care.'" Well, indeed, would it be if every young Australian would make the acquaintance of this well-drawn vigorous picture, study it daily, and weigh the grave responsibilities it suggests! The veteran colonisers have passed or are fast passing away. How familiar to the eye of him who reads our daily papers are the words:—"One of the first settlers of * * * passed away on the * * instant." "Another of the first arrivals on these diggings died * * 188 ." "Our readers will be sorry to learn that Mr. * * * died yesterday at his residence. He was the first who settled on the * * plains." Yes, assuredly, the old order changeth, passeth, and yieldeth to the new. Instead of the fathers are their sons. And on these sons devolves the solemn duty of shaping the course of this new country. Its future is being confided to such young men as are swelling the ranks of the A.N.A. at the present time.

There are two amongst the many combined organisations which have grown up amongst us in Victoria that ought to be objects of interest to every Australian, whether such by adoption or birth. These are that of the Old Identities' Association and the Australian Natives'. The difference in age and object by which these associations are characterised increases the interest attached to them rather than otherwise. The one touches life where the shades of eventide are creep-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ing slowly but surely over it; the other touches it where the honest, manly heart is lighted by "the cloudless noon of youth." The first suggests to the aged and travelled man the sturdy oaks of Sherwood and Windsor, the Barnum beeches, or the cedars that strike their roots into the lime-stone rock of Libanus, which are decaying towards decrease and death; the second brings to memory the period when

"Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy;"

or, when invested with a kingly dignity fitting man to be "an angel's peer." Australians ought to know more of the Australian Natives' Association than at present appears to be known. An attempt to supply the desired information will not be regarded as out of place in a memoir of an ex-president of the Association, published, too, under the auspices of that organisation.

The *Melbourne Daily Telegraph* did the A.N.A. good service when in the columns of its issue for May 1st, 1885, appeared a leader and a lengthy article respecting it. What follows will be close on the lines of those articles, or extracts from them *verbatim*.

Although the society has been prominently brought before the Victorian public of late years, it has not been understood; consequently its origin, its aims, and its claims have not been justly represented. By many people it is looked at suspiciously as a political organisation of a mischievous class, aiming especially at influencing the party politics of the colony; whilst others, again, regard it as composed of a

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

band of precocious young men who wish to seize the helm of government and steer our little ship of state through short but perilous channels into the haven of prosperity. By these and other similar misconceptions the Association has suffered injury. The facts are that it eschews politics, respects experienced intelligence, and venerates the hoary head.

The honor of founding the Australian Natives' Association belongs to Victoria. On the 24th of April, 1871, fourteen gentlemen met at Grimwood's Hotel, Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, for the purpose of forming such a fraternity. They constituted themselves a committee, of which Mr. Samuel Lyons was the Chairman and Treasurer, and Mr. W. H. Leahy the Secretary *pro. tem.* Their object was to form a benefit society, of which only Natives of Victoria should be members. At subsequent meetings rules were drawn up, the objects to be secured by the society settled, and other matters necessary to its solidification decided on. On the 6th of July, in the same year, a committee of the new brotherhood met, and the needed officers were elected as follows—J. W. Fleming, President; Messrs. J. F. Levien and S. Lyons, Vice-Presidents; and Messrs. Brown, Butler, Colgan, Treacy, Burns, Winter, Oliver, Leahy, and Jenning, the Committee; with H. B. Wilson as Medical Officer. The diversified nationalities represented on the Committee might have suggested a broader basis than is indicated by the title selected, viz.—"The Friendly Society of Victorian Natives." Whether it did or not, the more comprehensive one of The Australian

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Natives' Association was afterwards adopted. The question of *insignia*, or as it is commonly called regalia (a somewhat improper use of the word) was mooted, and then, as since, resolutions affecting the wearing of some badge were proposed. At one general meeting it was determined that a blue rosette and sash should be worn; but up to the present the Association has maintained a republican simplicity in this particular.

During the fourteen years of its existence the Australian Natives' Association has steadily advanced. The existence of vigorous branches at Ballarat, Sandhurst, Stawell, Creswick, Clunes, Maryborough, Buninyong, Kerang, Maldon, Ararat, Murtoa, Kingston, Horsham, Haddon, Donald, St. Arnaud, Port Melbourne, Prahran, Dimboola, Charlton, South Melbourne, Dunolly, Charters Towers (Queensland), and numerous other places, reflects credit on the parent stem, so short a time ago planted in the city of Melbourne. Additional proof of the progress of the Association is seen in its numbers and financial position. The several branches number 1,600 members, and have funds invested to the amount of £5,000. The Ballarat is the most important branch; it has (July, 1885) 500 members, and £1,500 to its credit.

As a Friendly Society the Australian Natives' Association is registered under the "Friendly Societies' Act," and according to the reports of the Government Statist, and of Mr. Owen, Actuary of Friendly Societies, "its financial condition is most flourishing." At the conference of February 19th and 20th, 1885, a new scale of subscriptions, based on Mr. Owen's report, was adopted.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

It was not until April 25th, 1872, that all Natives of Australia were recognised as eligible to join the Society, and power given to establish branches throughout the Australian colonies. The setting apart of a sum of money to assist in paying the expenses of delegates to the neighboring colonies, for the purpose of forming branch Associations, is likely to add largely to the number of existing ones.

It is not as a benefit society only that this Association claims public recognition. Whilst the sentiment is endorsed —"A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss"—it aims at yet higher ends. Its objects beyond this, as stated in the general laws, are "to promote the moral, social, and intellectual improvement of its members." High and noble ends, as well as those benevolent ones indicated, are designed:— To prevent or cure every form of vice by opposing to it moral influences; to advance and regulate the duties per taining to society, by throwing a truer light upon them; to cultivate that faculty of the human mind which receives the ideas conveyed to it by the senses; by directing, and if able to do so, providing the means for expanding and refining its capacity. One at least of these ends is to be effected by means of courses of "lectures, essays, and debates, &c." Here we are about axle deep in the old rut; so deep that a suggestion of change may be acceptable. Why not a course of factories, of workshops, of sample rooms? O, what an encyclopedia of information of sound knowledge is derivable from these sources, especially if conversation with the intelligent men at work in them be added! The working man on given lines can teach important lessons to lecturers and professors. When will a more

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

extended use be made of the riches of these storehouses? The Ballarat School of Mines is a step in this direction, worthy of all honor and of generous support; but we ought not to stop at this.

Let me not be understood as depreciating in the slightest degree the wise precautions of the society which provides for the exigencies linked on to sickness and bereavement. The heart of many a member of it, who in hope and fear toils through rough paths or desert sands of life, sore tried, has been cheered by the thought of these, and encouraged to be firm, and brave, and patient. Yet, nevertheless, although this is a pleasing fact, the nobler objects of the Association are those which aim at the moral and mental elevation of its members, and the unification of the colonies.

The *Telegraph* justly lays stress on the Society endeavoring "to promote that national feeling without which no country can ever hope to be great." Love of country has been defined thus—"An amalgamated multitude of sympathies in brethren's hearts; a participation in that whole spirit which has breathed in the breath of that whole race of which we are sprung." The promotion of this SYMPATHY OF RACE is one of the grander aims of this Association. "It does not say advance Victoria, or advance New South Wales, nor any such cry, but *Advance Australia.* Australia is to it one great colony; one wide-spread community with the same ties, the same feelings, the same aspirations. It admits every honest native-born person, no matter what nationality his parents may be or what

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

creed they profess. It recognises that no society can become a national power which divides people into parties and sects, and the members of the Australian Natives' Association hope in the not distant future to see the dream of a federated Australia become a waking reality." And why are such views to be regarded as utopian? Let those who think the Directors of this Association have only slight grounds for their expectations consider to what a large extent we are at this moment under the influence of that sympathy which is the ground-work of patriotism, a stepping stone to the federation sought. Are we not now federate in the tenacity with which we cling to old institutions; to the dress, and manner, and diet of our fathers; to national and in some instances dialectic peculiarities of our forefathers? No one can say we are not. Why, then, should we doubt as to that federation of the colonies, which this society seeks to promote "by fostering Australian literature, wise and liberal legislation, the control of the islands adjoining Australian coasts, which it regards as means to such an end?" What a decrease, if not cessation, of mistrust and anxiety would follow a consciousness that each colony was sustained and strengthened by a firm alliance with the others! When this consummation, so devoutly wished, is effected, then Australia will be in relation to her majestic mother

* * "Another morn
Risen on midday."

The problem of preserving and strengthening connecting links between communities possessing the fullest powers of local self-government is a very delicate one to deal with,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

requiring no small amount of judgment, caution, and, it may be, of time to solve it. Be this as it may, every effort put forth to save the great commonwealth, founded and fostered by England in the Southern Pacific, from disintegration, and commencing a separate national existence, is laudable. Whatever re-adjustments may be required between the colonies themselves, or between the colonies and England, should be made under the sentiment of a common patriotism, so that those who are made one in name and law may be one in heart and interest.

The claims of an association which aims at the accomplishment of its noble ends in a manner so open, unassuming, and lawful as this one does, will be admitted by every impartial man and supported by every patriotic Australian. They need no advocate when they are known; the advocate may fold his arms, lay down his pen, and leave them to assert their own merits. There is an obvious nobility in the unselfish, unpretentious, and far-seeing labors undertaken by the A.N.A. They are working for a "new generation," "the heirs of all ages," more than they work for themselves. This new generation will be Australian Natives in the natural course of things, and they ought to be members of the Association on principle.

The "lines of empire," says the article already cited, "are being slowly but surely developed on the face of the cradled 'Hercules' which, in Milton's words, is 'mewing its mighty youth on the Australian continent;'" and the disposition shown by this young corporate body to assert its influence as a national Society, seeking to create a national sentiment

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

by uniting reputable Australian Natives in one firm bond of brotherhood, and to animate them with a love for the land of their birth more strong, more sacred, if possible, than that which binds us exotics to the mother country, and a resolve to seek and to secure its interests, hap what may, cannot be spoken of in terms too high.

Writers in the old country have said that war only was needed to effect a disruption between the colonies and England. To men of this school the appearance of Australian soldiers in the Soudan should teach the truth that whatever threatens the security of the throne and the honor of the nation will rally the forces of the colonies to their support.

It is gratifying, says one of the reports, that during the past year (1884), under the directorship of Messrs. O. E. Wilson, President; A. Reed and A. J. Peacock, Vice-Presidents; J. Colgan, Treasurer; and F. C. Wainwright, Secretary, the society has made unparalleled progress, and that the prospects of the present year (1885) are exceedingly bright.

As the future of this land must, we repeat, necessarily be confided to our young men, how necessary it is that their high aim for her future should be sustained. Nothing less than her elevation by the arts of peace, by an extended commerce, and by an advanced morality, fitting her to take a foremost place amongst the nations of the world, ought to content them. Young Australians must be great in purposes, great in desires, and great in hopes, or they

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

will fail of accomplishing their grand mission. To carry this to its legitimate issue, each man will need a surplusage of hope, unflagging energy, and a vitality above proof. The work of converting our vast plains into well watered pastures and gardens, and making each coast town "a city of merchants," a mart of commerce, rivalling those of the eastern and western world, is only a part of the work before them. Literature, science, art, and religion must be sedulously cultivated—the latter most carefully—otherwise our boundless plains teeming with inexhaustible riches, our mines adding their auriferous and carboniferous wealth, supplemented by the all-but untouched resources of vast oceans, supplying the means for building noble cities, and constructing extensive harbours with all their accessories, in extent and grandeur competing with those of the old or the new world, may, in this, our newer world, induce a forgetfulness of God, and a haughty national pride, which will, as they did to imperial nations of old, serve as conductors of the divine displeasure—as the insulated metallic rod attracts the lightening—until beneath His "eyes of high rebuke and wrath" an Australia that has obtained a proud position may be shrivelled to a desolation such as travellers report of proud Tyrus, bare "as the top of a rock! with a few starving wretches housing among the ruins," or, left to rot down to a degradation like to that we see in the fragmentary aboriginal tribes dying out around us.

A reverential recognition of that Being called by Aristotle the DESIRABLE—because all creatures desire Him and

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

move towards Him—is the only safeguard against a national pride that has in all ages presaged national destruction.

Assuredly it is a disgrace to mankind that both eastern and western philosophers have written against it the condemnatory couplet—

> "For all things serve their Maker and their God,
> Better than thankless man."

Reflection must bring a conviction that such thanklessness against a Being so mighty, so merciful, so without an equal, is indefensible—is pregnant with evil. Young Australia will be prosperous and secure as she recognises her dependence on God, and no further, for—

> "Verily, mighty is He, and what He bestoweth of blessing,
> None can withhold; and none what He withholdeth can send.
> Children of men remember the mercies of God towards ye;
> Is there a Maker save this, is there another such friend?"

The reflection advised will result in the "pots praising the potter"—

> "Nowhere another can we see,
> Wondrous Artificer like Thee"—

And beget with those words of praise an appropriate reverence for and trust in Him.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

The ranks of the A.N.A. contain few, let us say none, who are not prepared to do honor to the land of their fathers, and to adopt the words of the subject of this memoir to the pioneers of this colony.—"I honor to the full the noble pioneers of this land, and I glory in the splendid fight they have made on our behalf. The pioneers of this land were men of the right sort—the very pick and flower of Britain's nobility, and if the Natives tread in their footsteps they will become a noble race. But do not blame us if we, too, are fond of our country. What would you think of an Englishman who did not join the glad refrain 'Britons never, never shall be slaves;' or the Scotchman who could not sing 'The bonny hills of Scotland,' or the Irishman who did not love the sight of 'The dear little shamrock,' or the Welshman whose eye did not glisten as he thought of the grand old hills of his fatherland! Young Australians thus far honor old England—honor Britain; may they ever do so. They are ill-bred sons who refuse to recognise the greatness of their forefather; ill-mannered if they refuse to be instructed by them, and deficient in true wisdom if they refuse to follow in the steps which have won a premier position for Britian amongst the kingdoms of the world."

"Though some few spots be on her flowing robe,
Of stateliest beauty,"

She yet carries her trident with grace, and still she is worthy to wear the proud title she won so hardly and so well—*Queen of the Sea.*"

There exists a lurking danger against which every member of the Association ought to be on his guard. It is

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

this, the merging of his personal responsibility as a citizen in that of the corporation to which he belongs. Speaking on the subject of individual responsibility only a few months ago in a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, the lecturer—the Rev. J. W. Inglis—drew attention to the "magnitude of individual responsibility in a colony where each youth when he attained to manhood was invested with the full political rights enjoyed by the oldest colonists. Where this was so, it was advisable that religion should be taken as a guide for action. If religion were not too frequently bowed out of the political arena, the atmosphere would, perchance, be much purer. He regarded politics as the grandest subject, next to religion, on which a man's mind could be exercised. One great aim of honest politicians was to preserve the liberty of the subject. The ballot-box could not do this, but by the light shed by religion this object was achieved. Pure politics also taught the respect due to those in authority. It was sometimes a difficult task to decide between authority and freedom, and to weigh the balances properly the truths of religion were necessary. The object of both was to do good to the people."

Those members of the A. N. Association who sincerely seek the well-being of their fellow colonists must insist on the importance of individual responsibility, and, to secure this and unite their intelligence in opposing everything that would becloud their intellect, warp their judgments, trammel their minds, or give fervour to class prejudices, say with Burns—

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
* * * * * *
The honest man, tho' e'er so poor
Is king o' men for a' that."

Every effort ought to be put forth by the A.N.A. individually to make this a country in which each class of society shall know and respect the peculiar and becoming virtues of all other classes, for in so doing lies the germ of the greatest national strength. Mark this, young men: the greatest enemy a country has is the man who seeks to set one class against another by studied misrepresentations or by rousing national prejudices, whether openly or secretly. Such men have souls "dark as the heart of night." Never forget that one of your professed purposes, perhaps the grandest one, for it is a stride towards affiliation, is to promote SYMPATHY OF RACE.

The allusion made in the above extract to manhood suffrage justifies a remark or two on the qualifications to be sought in those who offer themselves as your representatives in Parliament. Look to the pedigree of such, at their parentage, for assuredly good principles early laid in the mind are the seed of an honest future. Bishop Berkeley advises the election of a native rather than a foreigner; a married man than a bachelor; a believer than an infidel; as there is a better chance of the man being a patriot; and you may assume and postulate this as a dictum—a man who has no sense of God or of conscience is unfit in any sense to be a guardian of the state, therefore—not worthy of your votes.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Guard with jealousy the honor of your Association. Let your rank and file cherish this sentiment as decidedly as you who are in official positions. The strength or weakness of your organisation will be judged of by the common mind as it shows itself on this point; let probity, impartiality, and fidelity give character to all your transactions.

One word more. In these days there is much talk of science being opposed to religion. It is not so. Religion can never have any cause for fear from the *facts* of science. The evil exists in the asseverations of science in a transition state being accepted as finalities. Science is but a young experimenter. "No single *fact* in science has ever discredited a fact in religion." But, it is said, the mysteries of religion are so startling. And has not science her mysteries? The fact is "a science without mystery is unknown; a religion without mystery is absurd."

Even to a scientific mind that is reverently disposed—

> "The earth is cramm'd with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God."

As men you have your share of that dangerous faculty which man has for forgetting the soul and God; albeit the Creator has planted within you a sublime and pious curiosity you cannot quell, a faculty for knowing which will not be satisfied with less than a knowledge of Him.

All true men want the Infinite, the Perfect: to know, to love, to serve Him is supreme happiness. They have a capacity for God, an expectancy which has Him for its object, a felt want until He comes. An intelligent soul

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

has been resembled to those members of the insect world which wave their tentacles in the empty air, feeling after God, if so be they may find Him. He who denies this places himself outside the common pale of humanity. This hunger of the soul of man is recognised by every student of man's place in nature.

"I feel I am an imperfect and changeable thing, aspiring incessantly towards that which is perfect and unchangeable." It was thus Descartes expressed himself nearly 300 years ago. And from that time down to the present these words have been spoken of as the most pregnant and profound in which the secret of consciousness has ever been expressed.

There is a grandeur in this cry after God of which no man may be ashamed. No illusion of to-day is more false than that which asserts that "matter alone exists, and that matter must be everything to man." Close your ear against such teaching; it is specious in approach, scientific in garb, and popular in tone, but utterly false. A wise doubt is frequently a safeguard against false teaching, but to suppose that science can fill the void within, or slake the thirst to know which parches you, is folly—rank folly.

The satisfaction, the rest, the happiness desired by every man is thus summarised by the wise man—"Fear God and keep His commandments." That is the true way to true satisfaction, rest, and happiness, and besides it there is no other.

This advice shall end with the words used by Henry

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Drummond, F.R.S., F.L.S., cited in closing his clever book on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." After remarking on the interesting phenomenon of the whole system of nature gravitating towards quality he says :—But now, at last, we see the kingdoms themselves evolving. And that supreme law which has guided the development from simple to complex in matter, in individual, in sub-kingdom, and in kingdom, until only two or three great kingdoms remain, now begins at the beginning again, directing the evolution of these million-peopled worlds as if they were simple cells or organisms. Thus what applies to the individual applies to the family; what applies to the family applies to the kingdom ; what applies to the kingdom applies to the kingdoms. And so, out of infinite complexity, there rises an infinite simplicity, the foreshadowing of a final unity of that

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

This is the final triumph of continuity, the heart-secret of Creation, the unspoken prophecy of Christianity. To science, defining it as a working principle, this mighty process of amelioration is *evolution.* To Christianity, discerning the end through the means—it is redemption. These silent and patient processes—elaborating, eliminating, developing all from the first of time ; conducting the evolution from millennium to millennium with unaltering purpose and unfaltering power—are the early stages in the redemptive work, the unseen approach of that kingdom, whose strange mark is that it "cometh without observation."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

And these kingdoms, rising tier above tier in ever increasing sublimity and beauty, their foundations visibly fixed in the past, their progress and the direction of their progress being facts in nature still, are the signs which, since the Magi saw His star in the east, have never been wanting from the firmament of truth, and which in every age, with growing clearness to the wise, and with ever strengthening mystery to the uninitiated, proclaim that "the kingdom of God is at hand."

The subject of this memoir first became connected with the A. N. A. in January, 1880. Prior to that date he had had several conversations with the Hon. H. H. Wettenhall, M.L.C., who had not at that time sought the Parliamentary honors he afterwards attained. The result of these colloquys was that it was decided to endeavor to open a branch of the Association in Stawell. To decide was to act, and the two worked together with a will. Their representations to the young men of Stawell brought forth fruit, and very soon a branch was opened, with every prospect of success. Mr. Wettenhall was elected President, and Mr. R. H. Hart Vice-President, but owing to the former gentleman residing at some distance from the town, he was unable to attend the meetings with such regularity as he desired, and as he thought the duties of the office demanded. He accordingly, after a time, resigned the position, which was thereupon conferred on Mr. R. H. Hart, and which the latter held for some time after his seizure with the illness that proved fatal to him. Even whilst lying on a sick-bed the honor was still within his

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

grasp, the members being anxious that he should retain the Presidentship and allow the duties to be performed by the Vice-President during his illness. It was only at Mr. Hart's urgent request that the office passed into the hands of Mr. Kruse, who fulfilled the duties pertaining to it with credit to himself and to the branch. Mr. Hart's influence on the members was wonderful. He excited amongst them feelings of emulation that resulted in the general prosperity of the branch, whose numbers rapidly increased, until at one time they reached over 200. But above all this, he fostered a desire to excel in what is excellent. Bashful members were incited to renewed endeavors to overcome their backwardness in speaking, and every effort to improve the mind or the character met with his warmest sympathy and support. A high moral tone pervaded the meetings over which he presided, and anything that would tend to elevate the Association or improve the members in any way was certain of his assistance. The result of this was that his memory is still green in the minds of the young men with whom he came in contact as that of one who had their true interests at heart, and who thought no work too laborious, no efforts too great, to do them good. He was the beau-ideal of many, and none would be found amongst them to speak a despiteful word concerning him. In 1881 he attended the Annual Conference of the Association, and though he was not then elected to office on the Board of Directors, he was marked as a "coming man." In the following year he was again a representative at the Conference, and on this occasion was voted to the position of Vice-President. From that time he ceased to be regarded

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

so much as merely the President of the Stawell branch, and was looked upon more as a representative native. His services were in request for the opening of many branches, and his reputation as an able speaker gradually spread. In January, 1883, the supreme honor of the Association was conferred upon him, by his election to the position of President of the Board of Directors. In this position he was naturally called upon to assume more responsibilities, and undertake more work. During Mr. Hart's year of office the Association received an impetus that it had not had before. Popular alike with members and the public, his presence was welcomed everywhere, not alone on account of his talents as a speaker but also for his qualities as a member of a social party. Branches already started were strengthened by his eloquence and incited to renewed efforts; whilst his powerful advocacy of the advantages of the Association inspired the members of new branches with a pride in the body with which they had become connected and a desire to spread its benefits as widely as possible. But no matter how arduous the labors, or how many other duties stood in the way, Mr. Hart always found time to forward the interests of the Association. Its welfare lay near to his heart, and he thought any time or energy expended on its behalf was well spent. It was at the time when matters of great importance to Australia were in full tide of agitation. France's proposal to discharge upon the shores of New Caledonia the refuse of her convicts, and—to more fully carry out her proposed system of transportation—annex the New Hebrides Islands, was exciting the ire of all the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

inhabitants of Australia; when Prince Bismarck's action, and Lord Derby's inaction, with reference to the disposal of New Guinea, excited feelings of apprehension—of indignation against one statesman, and indignation mingled with contempt against the other; and when federation was regarded by experienced politicians as the only way of making the voice of Australia heard effectively. Meetings to protest against the carrying out of the proposed récidiviste scheme on the one hand and foreign annexation on the other, and to promote federation, were held in all parts of the colony of Victoria. The Australian Natives' Association took a prominent part in moving for the protection of the native land of its members. At these meetings, side by side with some of our foremost public men, Mr. Hart took his stand. What man or woman, who heard his eloquent address in the Alfred Hall at Ballarat, will readily forget his impassionate tones as he declaimed against the wrong proposed to be done to Australia, or implored the residents in the colony to stand firm on the point! His remarks breathed the spirit of true patriotism, and his lips were touched with an eloquence such as few possessed. He then enlarged his reputation as an orator, and great things were anticipated from him when the vote of the electors should give him a seat amongst our legislators. It was about this time, too, that it was decided to endeavor to open branches of the Association in New South Wales, and Mr. Hart was selected as the fittest man both by skill as a speaker, and by his position as President of the body, to undertake the work. Arrangements were made for the trip, and almost everything was in readiness for the attempt to weld another

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

link in the chain of federation. But "man proposes, God disposes." When the plans were almost complete, Mr. Hart was seized with the illness which "killed his young life." Plans were shattered; the extension of the Association, on which Mr. Hart had so set his mind, was delayed for a time; and the strong hand and bright intellect that had stood in the forefront of the affairs of the Association were, ere twelve months had elapsed, reft of strength, and dimmed by the hand of death.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

[Since the above was in the hands of the printers, the project which it was intended should be carried out by Mr. Hart has been brought to a successful issue by two representative Natives—Mr. A. Peacock, president of the Board of Directors; and Mr. O. E. Wilson, ex-president of the same body. They proceeded to New South Wales with credentials from the Association, charged with the work of awakening an interest in its aims and establishing branches in the sister colony. Their task was no easy one. The prejudices of effete politicians, who had lost "the touch of the times," were cast into the balance against them, and all the force that past honors and exalted positions won by hard and honorable labors gave was exerted against them by several New South Wales public men. Fortunately, the young men of the present age are not so readily moved by the narrow-mindedness of those who seek to retard the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

wheels of progress. The two young Victorian delegates established branches at Sydney and Mudgee, and, having done so, returned with well-earned laurels. When the history of Australia comes to be written for future generations, the names of Messrs. Peacock and Wilson will be linked with one of the most important movements towards establishing a united Australian continent.

Their visit to Sydney was marked by an insult by one of these fossil politicians that reflected no credit on either his heart or his head. It was, however, just what might have been expected from Sir John Robertson, whose mental vision is so beclouded by prejudice as to enable him to see in Victoria nothing but a "cabbage garden." Messrs. Peacock and Wilson—anxious not to appear discourteous to one who had in his day occupied a prominent position in New South Wales politics—called upon the veteran at his residence. Their visit was paid as representatives of a powerful organisation in Victoria, and as such they were received. Whether Sir John's liver had been troubling him more than usual, or his favorite servant had displeased him, does not appear. But the young delegates had to suffer from his splenetic attack. His remarks were in the worse taste seeing that the young men were his guests. The modest though dignified rejoinder of the youthful president of the Association stood out in marked contrast to the remarks of the elder man; and while Sir John had the doubtful honor of giving the hardest rap, there are few right-thinking people but will admit that the Victorian delegates came off more honorably from the encounter.]

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER VI.:

# "THE FLOWER QUEEN."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*a.*) A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.

SOLOMON.

(*b.*) Upon such sacrifices
The Gods themselves throw incense.

SHAKESPEARE.

(*c.*) Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound;
More, O more—I am thirsting yet;
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
Upon my heart to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein
Passes into my heart and brain.

SHELLY

(*d.*) And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock, as her praise.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER VI.

(*a.*) During the year 1883 the tall lithe figure, the quick elastic step, and the kindly smile of Mr. Richard H. Hart, and his prompt nod of recognition, became as well known in the principal streets of Ballarat as the face, figure, and gait of the best known broker of the "Corner," the Rialto of the fair city of Ballarat, "where men most do congregate."

Notwithstanding the many proofs he received from the good people of Stawell of his being, as it were, "intrenched in their affection," calculated in themselves to create that "merry heart" which "maketh a cheerful countenance;" the experience in part of the proverb "by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken" was forced upon him by the injustice of others. Consequently a degree of depression marked the first days of his Ballarat life, and it is not unlikely that there were brief periods of that time when he would have recognised a picture of himself in a verse of a hymn of the 14th century as he watched the night close over labor not too remunerative.

Fighting the battle of life
With a weary heart and head,
For in the midst of the strife,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

The banners of joy are fled!
Fled and gone out of sight,
When I thought they were so near,
And the murmur of hope this night
Is dying away on mine ear.

(*b.*) This state of depression was not of long continuance. The murmurs of hope were quickened into the whispers of success as the number of his pupils was steadily increasing and his ability as a teacher of music and singing became a topic of conversation at the family board. Everyone who knew the determined efforts of Mr. Hart to win for himself the confidence of the Ballarat public, the sacrifice of ease and home comfort made by him daily in fighting the battle of life, recognised his efforts admiringly. He appeared as if the ruthless manner in which he had been crossed and thwarted by man inspired, or, rather, strengthened his conviction of the Divine regard for him. The crosses began to be understood as disguised blessings, whilst the measure of patronage he was receiving gave to him that gladness of heart which makes a cheerful countenance.

A few months after Mr. Hart's appearance as a professional teacher of music and singing he undertook the responsibility of producing a cantata in the Ballarat Academy of Music. In this undertaking he was thoroughly supported by the Ballarat Branch of the A.N.A. Two ends were to be answered by the proposed concert—the augmentation of the Association's building fund, and giving to Mr. Hart an opportunity of showing to the public the proficiency of his pupils. Adults are not supposed to take interest in the

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

account of this entertainment, and therefore they can pass it by; it is designed to instruct and please those who are in their teens or just out of them, who have a love for pretty flowers and for sweet music also.

There is a seeming naturalness in young people being powerfully attracted by music. It appears always to have been so. We observe that the musicians figured on ancient tombs and obelisks are youthful ones. Ever since three tendons were stretched across the back shell of a tortoise, and musical sounds produced by their vibration, or, by the vibrations of a confined column of air passing through a prepared reed, it has been so, and so it continues to be. The philosophy of this fact may be found, probably, in the feelings of young people being considerably in advance of thought; to such music naturally becomes the highest form of expression, and the mental sensation caused by it rises to an inexpressible condition of enjoyment. If so, we cannot be surprised that the young are so powerfully drawn towards music.

It is natural, too, to associate music with objects and scenes that are lovely, and with occasions that are festive or pathetic. In this we find another reason of great strength for its influence on the minds of young persons.

The best instance of flowers conjoined to pathos which now presents itself to my memory, is that which occurs in the monody on Lycidas. In the interests of the young, for whom this chapter is written more especially, I will place a few lines from Milton's touching lay over the drowned young poet, "dead ere his prime."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

With words of apology to the laurel, the myrtle, and the ivy for "forced fingers rude" disturbing their "berries harsh and crude," he passes along to "the wild thyme, the gadding vine, the willows, and hazel copses green," and calls upon the vales and bids them cast

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

* * * * * * * *

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers:
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jesamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well attired woodbine
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed
And daffodillies fill their cup with tears
To show the laurel hearse where Lycid lies.

Someone, somewhere, has asked that his name might "be written amidst songs and flowers." The man whose name is his monument has here written young Lycidas's name thus midst song and flowers.

This one instance will suffice as an illustration of the pathetic; whilst it will serve well as a contrast to others in which those "frail tissues which are the most brilliant colour—threads in nature's great loom," appear in festive

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

scenes. Illustrations of this kind abound. The one first claiming attention takes us back nearly three thousand years in the world's life. It is the song of songs, an epithalamium, or nuptial song, and, as is fitting to such an occasion, it runs its numbers through a perfumed atmosphere of floral and arborescent beauty. A thousand years after Solomon wrote that song, another Oriental, of another faith, drew a scene of loveliness,—

"Wherefrom arose—
Lands to the glory of God, filling the blue
With lovely music, as rose-gardens
Fill a land with essences.
And nearer to us in time, our own grand
Bard sings in a kindred style:
That strain again: It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

And again:—

"The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past."

Campbell places his "Harper" on the green banks of the Shannon, with his loved Sheelah nigh to him, in his blither days. Before leaving this tempting field of illustration let me call to remembrance "The Music's Duel," by Strada, translated from the Latin by the pious Crashaw, 200 years ago. It is "a sweet luxurious strain of pure description and sentiment." In it is described this duel

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

which took place at eventide.

"Hard by the streams—
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak,—
There 'the sweet lute's master,'
And the 'syrene nightingale, harmless
Syrene she,' competed for the
Mastery :—She fails, and failing grieves,
And grieving dies."

The attempt to realize the nightingale's sweet "streams of liquid harmony" ever brings to my remembrance a pleasant *apropos* incident, to which is attached a sweetly suggestive moral well deserving consideration. It occurs in "Izaak Walton's Complete Angler." Once when the kind old English gentleman was taking his constitutional in the country, walking along a flowery velvet carpet, such as an English summer spreads under the feet of her favored sons and daughters, and the choristers of the copse poured forth their wild notes and mellifluous songs, every smooth turn and every delicious trill calling to life some new charm, his pious and elevated meditations lead him to anticipate the richer strains of the celestial choirs, and, whilst thus engaged, the scholarly and venerable Christian exclaimed :—"Lord, if thou hast provided such music for sinners on earth, what hast thou in store for Thy saints in heaven?"

The ear that is open to sweet sound is mostly accompanied by an eye that delights in graceful forms, and lovely colors,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

and organs of smell quick to detect and appreciate refreshing perfumes. These remarks are prefatory to placing under the eye of the reader a musical composition with which the name of Richard H. Hart is associated in the memories of thousands of persons in the Ballarat district—a composition in which sweet strains, forms of grace, variety of colors, and the most exquisite aroma of nature are happily associated with enjoyable poetry and sentiment elevated and pure "and sweet as gentle rain from out the sky." Such a melodious musical setting of comparatively simple ideas, kind reader, is *The Flower Queen*; a flow of "magic numbers and persuasive sounds," the loosened notes of which "fell in a silver shower" on those who heard them.

One of our poets tells us that when his feet trod only on flowers time passed unheeded by; so may it be with the reader of this *precis* of one of the most charming compositions of its class so effectively produced.

A detailed account of this piece will give pleasure to many youthful readers, and convey information to some. Amongst the Cantatas prepared for the use of schools the one entitled "The Flower Queen" holds a very high place. The poetry, written by Miss Frances Jane Crosby, is simple, natural, and sweetly refreshing; unfolding its subject as naturally as the petals of living flowers unfold themselves; the music, composed for the words by G. F. Root, is light and tuneful, and so harmonised that very charming effects are produced when the vocalisation is entrusted to skilled and tuneful voices. It then is what M'Donald calls—poetry in solution. Moreover these stars

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

of this lower world, these lovely children of Flora, are, for the time, raised from "the tesselate of nature," and made to teach many lessons besides those important ones of love and duty, the instruction being conveyed in numbers sweet as the hopes of youth or the memories of old age. The question raised by the flowers—"Who shall be our queen?" if left to the popular voice would, we think, have for its answer—*the rose*. Nevertheless, the thought resulting from intelligent enquiry and close observation will show that her position as the premier flower is not so assured as her admirers suppose. A great botanist of the present day would likely enough name the daisy—"whose white investments figure innocence;" this "e'e of day" runs the rose very closely in the race for the poets' favor. Only a careful reader of English poetry will *not* be surprised at the praise it has won, for, as Montgomery reminds us,—

"The rose has but a Summer reign;
The daisy never dies."

A glance at a few poetic opinions on the right of sovereignty amongst the flowers will show no one flower so secure as the oak is amongst trees; for "the oak stands unrivalled as king," such is the voice of all.

In pursuing our purpose of enumerating some of the rivals of the rose, we name the modest *daisy* first. Wordsworth calls this scentless little flower:

"A queen in crown of rubies dress'd."

And the microscope is adding daily to the number of her admirers, for she is a colony of flowers rather than a single

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

flower. Jean Ingelow claims the crown for that ornament of landscape scenery, the *hollyhock*, but this preference is only one remove from that shown for the rose. Its clusters have been called "a bouquet of roses," and those splendour-dressed clusters merit such a name; on these the eyes of our English friends can rest when the hues of other favorite flowers are dead. Churchill asks the crown for the *jasmine* on account of its delicate beauty and delicious scent. Keats calls that timid little blossom, *the lily of the valley*, the queen of flowers; and adds—

"No flower amid the garden fairer grows."

Milton, I think, puts in a claim for the ordinary lily,—

"The pure lily, spotless and white,
Fit to be queen of the flowers."

Even that "little darling" of the French folks, the *mignonette*, has been nominated, the reason assigned for its nomination being its delicate perfume—Heavenly ambrosia. Wordsworth again—the slight inconsistency is pardonable in a poet—urges the queenly elevation of the "bright coronel" of the *celandine*. Eastern poets nominate the *lotus*, so famous in mythology and tradition, and so valuable an adjunct in decorative architecture. And there is yet another of the enthralling little flowers in reserve; the pet of the poets from Homer down to Tennyson and Browning; for, verily, the violet has "perfumed the songs of all literature and the gardens of all time." That peripatetic quack, Paracelsus, propounded an arrangement of plants according to the particular odour of each. Had this idea been carried out, the violet—how pretty and modest the little word

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

looks—the combination of beauty and fragrance, which meet in this floweret, would have won a unanimous call from its own sequestered dell to accept the queenship of its sister flowers.

Fashion has exerted her sway in flower culture, as elsewhere, now elevating a flower into popular regard and quickly dooming it to neglect. The common garden violet, because of its intrinsic loveliness, is above the caprice of fashion. From ancient days until now it has maintained its high position. Ovid pictures the innocent girl, Proserpine, filling her lap with blue and white violets; Virgil does not overlook the *viola odorata;* Bulwer makes the blind flower girl, Nydia, a vendor of violets.

"Hear"—says Anon—"our own English poets on the violet.

"First, Barry Cornwall:

'I love, how much I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the south wind blows
In pretty amorous threat;
The lily, paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous world of June,
Yet more—the violet.

'She comes the first, the fairest thing
That heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere winter's star has set;
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
To love—the violet.'

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"Then poor L.E.L. pays her heart-felt tribute:

'Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

'Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nurst,
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first.'

"Shakespeare loved violets. No more fitting couch for the repose of so aerial a being as Titania could even his imagination devise than one on which 'the nodding violet grows.'

"Again, Laertes is made to exclaim over the pure corpse of Ophelia:

'Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!'

"The suitableness of the emblem here chosen for virgin innocence and blight finds an echo in every human breast."

The foregoing examples will suffice to show that the claim of the rose, the rose, the glorious rose, though "so sweet and proud and fair a thing," to the queenship is not an undisputed one.

But, leaving for a while the opinions of the poets, we will hear those of the flowers and note the election made by themselves as presented in this charming oratorio, the *dramatis personæ* of which are their representatives.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

It is presumable that many of the readers of these pages have not seen this cantata placed before the public. To such an attempted description will convey further information, and to those readers who witnessed either of the happy efforts present to the mind of the writer the attempt will be a pleasant reminder of a scene which needed only the babble of the purling brook and gracefully falling waters of fountains to make it a spot in fairyland.

Beauty has been styled "God's handwriting." If so, a very attractive page of it was opened out in the Ballarat Academy of Music, under the patronage of the Ballarat Branch of the Australian Natives' Association, on the evening of Thursday, 28th September, 1882, when forty young damsels, of from seven years to twenty, appeared there at the word of their instructor. Their personal appearance and their surroundings were a forcible comment on the axiom, "Nature always avoids angular lines" (the writer would except lightning flashes). Lines soft and curved enough to satisfy the line-loving Hogarth filled the space. Only an Oriental pen could do justice to the scenes of that evening, and as mine is simply an English "International Exhibition" pen, it is driven to seek Oriental aid. The rosy magic of youth which turns life's waters into wine was the charm of that group. Although the girls who formed it were not chosen so much for any personal resemblance to the flower they represented as for their suitability of voice, there was, nevertheless, a display of lovely forms and of native ease; youth, and grace, and harmony attendant on every movement. Each girl was

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

dressed in a pure white dress. A garland of green leaves was fastened to her left shoulder, and this, crossing her breast, was fastened on her right side just below her waist. The flower which was more especially her own was conspicuously placed on her left shoulder. Small sprays of leaves and her own special flower looped up each girl's dress in two or three places. No color was worn by any girl except the color of her own flower—that only.

These girl-flowers were selected by Mr. Hart from amongst his " Ellerslie" pupils, a class of pupils to whom he taught singing privately, and from the Wesleyan Church choir, where he officiated as organist. As an illustration of the musical tendencies of the Hart family it may be stated that four of his sisters took parts in the cantata. *I have before me a description of each of the principal vocalists such as would guide a detective in pursuit of either one if necessary. It supplies pretty proof that a true girl can afford to have love and candour for her companion girls; the epithet " pretty," " pleasing," or " fair," is used without grudging of them. Between two of the girls there is a difference only like that of two pins taken from the same row. Grey and brown eyes preponderate, but one—" blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax ;" the Orient eye—" those eyes of yonder, large dark eyes"—occurs also in one instance; eyes " of vesper tenderness" smiled on grey and blue and black alike.

And now let the Orient pen supply an applicable description of the appearance of these fair representatives of

* The description of the dresses is kindly supplied by Miss Hart.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

the flower-world whilst executing the various movements required by them. Each

> * * * * Fairy form showed perfect grace
> Of soft arms wreathed and ripe lips moving
> In accents musical and loving.

By the proper arrangement of the branches of trees and evergreens the resemblance of a secluded dell in a forest is produced. Here the flowers assemble to elect from amongst themselves a queen. When the curtain rose on this forest scene there was loud applause. To the introductory music—a bold march played on an unseen pianoforte—the flowers make their appearance, singing, "We are the flowers." On hearing the sound of footsteps, these representatives of our globe's marvellous mosaics return again to their homes in the dell. The cause of their alarm is a weary disappointed recluse, who sings of wishes foiled, and hopes betrayed, and of his resolve to quit the scenes of strife, and care, and immure himself in forest solitudes. His plaints are heard by the concealed flowers, who sing sweetly of "rest," and promise to soothe and tranquilise his spirits. Lost in wonder at this sweet surprise, he seeks an explanation. Then the rose and the lily appear to him as "Nature's artless minstrels," taught to bring thoughts of rest and happiness to weary spirits. To their dulcet duet the recluse replies in a very melodious solo, "O gentle Peace," in which he confesses himself the captive of peace and of the song. Having done so he retires, and the flowers resume the chorus, energetically urging the query—Who shall be queen of the flowers?

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Promptly the emblem of cheerfulness, the pretty simple CROCUS, prefers her claim, on the ground that she is the first flower that hails the opening spring, and her claim is supported by her sisters in an appropriate chorus. But though the little flower might boast of being clothed in a "golden dye rich as the hue of the morn," there appears an objector to her claim, who spurns her as "a false pretender." It is the coarse pompous

DAHLIA—the unsung of the poets, gaudy and scentless. She urges her claim because her blossoms are gay and her form stately. To her the flowers administer a severe rebuke. The heliotrope and the mignonette are deputed to remind her that mere boasting is not proof of worth, and that purity, goodness, wisdom and innocence are to be preferred before beauty, because "hues that are brightest fade soonest away." These homely truths are conveyed in a very beautiful duet.

On the plea of being "prized by the beautiful and the gay," because of its bright rose color and apple blossom like flower, the JAPONICA, or Japan rose, regarded by some authorities as "perfected loveliness," claims a peerless name and an unrivalled claim to queenly honors. Her claims are favored by the other flowers, who sing this fact to *piano staccato* music.

The imperious command, "Make way ye silly praters all," introduces "the lofty flower of the sun." The SUNFLOWER asserts possession of "the noblest and broadest flower of them all," and bids them "down at her feet,"

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

as she alone "has right to reign." The proud and boastful assumption of the "foolish mimic sun" is replied to in a chorus sprightly with derisive music, pointed with the dismissal gibe, "Bombastes, ever hail!"

This clamorous dismissal of the owner of the "golden circle" is followed by a kindly call for "our favourite LILY,' the "dark eyed VIOLET," and "the fairest and dearest, our beautiful blushing ROSE." This lovely selection from the sisterhood quickly appear. The lily and violet acknowledge the compliment paid them in a pleasing duet—"Sister flowerets, we are here;" but not to boast of our beauty or seek distinction, but asking to remain in loved seclusion, useful there "until we pass away."

The reply of the rose is made in a florid solo, in which she speaks of her "balmy odours" and her "silken leaves" as gifts of the Great Creator and to be returned to Him by herself.

Arrived at this part of the cantata the flower of vivid, varied color is made prominent. The tulips, in a contralti chorus, announce the "twilight shadows," harbingers of the approaching night. Then the sleep-bringing poppies, four of them, wave their somniferous wands as they walk around their sisters, who, obedient to the drowsy power, gradually droop their graceful heads, close their eyes, and lean in groops together, thus answering the call to sleep most artistically.

After a time the sleepers start up, rub their eyes, and, with half-slumbrous steps, retire to the forest shades, and

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

accompanied by the recluse, they sing a beautiful hymn to night.

An interlude occurs here, in which the rose, standing as in a broad beam of moonlight, thrown across the stage by the help of lime-light, sings, "Wherefore dost thou thus enchant me?"—a recognition of the rich notes of the nightingale, well imitated on the flute, with a piano accompaniment. The dawn of day is then greeted in the sprightly chorus, "Good morning."

An interesting episode follows, in the form of a new candidate for the crown appearing. She is one of the floral giants, much loved by the landscape gardener, the

HOLLYHOCK.—She modestly reminds her friends of "their having forgotten her," another proof that "sweet simplicity and real worth" are too often thrown aside; thus cleverly advancing her own claims in the words of censure dealt out to her fair sisters. Their rejoinder is an affectionate one—"We love you all with true sincerity, and would to each most willing subjects be, yet one alone the crown must wear."

Thus the fair competitors are the *Crocus*, the *Dahlia*, the *Japonica*, the *Sunflower*, and the *Hollyhock* The flowers now call on the recluse to act as their umpire.—"Stranger thou hast heard our claims, tell us who our queen shall be?" "'Tis hard to choose," he says, amidst so much rich and beauty;

> "Yet in the rose we find—
> A simple grace, a sweet perfume,
> With loveliness combined.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

* * * * * *

Wisdom must guide me in my choice,
Say—shall it be the rose?"

The flowers sustain the umpire's suggested choice, singing "The rose, the rose, our queen shall be." Thus is rung out the award of supremacy to the masterpiece of florigraphy. Twenty of Mr. Hart's youngest pupils then sang a very pretty chorus. They appeared before the audience as *Heatherbells* (the white and pink erica was used). These little ones said, in sweet child song, they had "come from the hill-side" to join their sisters who had come "from the meadow, the mountain, the forest, the glade, a chaplet to place on the head of the queen." And charmingly they told their errand, with voices silvery as the Lady bells of a minster, and in time that rivalled the beat of the metronome.

The whole party followed the song of the heatherbells with a grand coronation march, at the close of which the curtain fell. Quickly it rose again, and the delighted crowd looked upon a pretty, slight, and graceful girl, whose merry grey eyes were full of joy and her rich brown hair thrown back from her fair forehead, so soon to be graced with the coveted wreath. The *Star* reported thus on the scene—"The coronation was a beautiful sight, the mechanical effects being well managed. The queen was seated on an artistically constructed throne. The heliotrope, lily, mignonette, and violet, are leaders in the crowning semi-chorus:—

"On thy brow the crown we place,
Deck'd with purity and grace,
May the smile of heaven serene,
Rest upon thee, gentle queen."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

A chorus with echo, "Long live our beauteous queen," prepares the way for a sweet song of thanksgiving from the queen, in singing which the effectiveness of her very fine mezzo-soprano voice had full scope.

The fine bass voice of the recluse—whose jolly appearance, by the way, certainly belied his gloomy pretensions—was heard to advantage in a song of gratitude for the lesson he had learned from those "simple flowers," that it is folly to repine over life's trials and wisdom to trust an ever-ruling Providence through them all, producing, on his part, a resolve to aim in the future at living a life of usefulness and content. The cantata closes with a noble hymn of praise to God—the grandest part of the cantata—in which the queen, recluse, soprano soloists, alto soloists, and general chorus sing parts which, taken separately, would prove acceptable solos, while as a combination they make a richly harmonious chorus.

The audience which crowded the Ballarat Academy of Music was enthusiastic, and the music and movements of the cantata were so fresh and vigorous that inattention to its details was an impossibility and weariness was forgotten. The enthusiasm of the fair actors in the fairy-like scene was contagious. It extended to the on-lookers, who awarded to the whole performance and to the performers the highest awards of praise.

(*d.*) Our world has in it a large number of men who joy in their work whilst it is in hand, but are dissatisfied with it when accomplished. Mr. Hart was not one of this half-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

blessed class. He had not to write one thing inside the book and another on its cover. To him was given joy in what he did and the joy of satisfactory results. The spacious hall was crowded—over crowded. Two thousand delighted spectators had loudly applauded his efforts. The treasurer, after deducting the necessarily heavy expenses incurred—though the Stawell contingent made no charge—had placed a handsome sum to the building fund of the Ballarat Branch of the Australian Natives' Association. The local press had paid high compliments to his skill as a teacher, and to his pupils for their proficiency in the parts sung, which, to the English ears of the older part of the audience, were as rich in harmony as the song of the lark at morning or the blackbird at evening as heard in our much loved father-land.

The approving voice of the city was added to the frequent and hearty applause of the citizens when Mayor Claxton "thanked the young ladies who had so kindly come from Stawell to assist at the Natives' concert; and expressed his gladness that Mr. Hart was coming as a teacher to Ballarat." Mr. O. E. Wilson, president of the Ballarat Branch of the A.N.A., thanked the patrons of the entertainment for their hearty support. Neither were the local papers wanting in words of admiration more fully expressed than in those already named.

"The expectations formed regarding Root's charming cantata were more than realised, and great credit is due to Mr. R. H. Hart, for the careful training of his pupils is evidenced by the quality of the solos and the precision of the choruses sung in the cantata."—*Star.*

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"The singing of the young people from Stawell fairly surprised the audience by its accuracy and finish, even the tiniest vocalist of the forty singing with distinct enunciation and taste, which spoke volumes for the capabilities of the pupils and their teacher, particularly the latter. When all did so well we would not make comparisons beyond complimenting the queen on her performance, and speaking very highly in praise of the musical director (Mr. Hart played all the accompaniments himself), Mr. R. H. Hart, who has by his own and his pupils' performances in this instance fairly established his reputation as a musician of more than ordinary ability."—*Courier*.

Additions to the foregoing complimentary remarks are to hand, but I decline to produce them, knowing well that excessive laudation defeats its own ends.

Parliamentary honors were the ambition of Mr. Hart, not solely because he sought for distinction, but from a conviction that he would be able to exert an influence, in association with members of high principle, in correcting existing wrongs and securing equitable legislation for his native land. If his attempt to secure a seat in Parliament was daring, the issue of it showed to what a large degree he was justified in making it. One of the members of Mr. Hart's Stawell Committee has kindly supplied a statement of the reasons which induced Mr. Hart to seek a seat as a member of the Victorian Parliament. He has written the following particulars :—

"Towards the end of 1881, the indication of a dissolution of Parliament caused a stir on Stawell as elsewhere. A

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

large section of the community felt that a change of representative was desirable, and the choice of a candidate to oppose the sitting member lay between Mr. Hart and another local resident (Mr. J. P. Evans). After several conferences between the two committees it was agreed that Mr. Hart should be the one to oppose the Hon. John Woods. The usual plans were laid and steps taken to secure his election, and an immense amount of enthusiasm shown by his supporters; but, after, perhaps, the keenest contest in the colony at that period, he was beaten by 18 votes; the numbers polled being 1168. As those who knew Mr. Hart will understand, during the campaign he firmly held to his political views, but never allowed himself to act in an ungentlemanly manner. His addresses to the electors, by their matter and manner, secured him a respectful hearing from friends and opponents alike. Although not elected, the outcome of the contest must be regarded as a great success, and highly complimentary to Mr. Hart. That a man, young in years, and new to the political world, should have run one who had represented the district for some fifteen years so closely, was an evidence that he was believed to have a peculiar aptitude for that sphere of labor, and that he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-townsmen. Indeed, when the news of his death was made known, one of the oft uttered expressions of regret was—that one had passed away whose education, ability, and talents fitted him to be a representative man among his fellowmen."

This certainly was the belief of a large number of the A.N.A. Recognising in him a salient living spring of

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

generous and manly action, rarely found except in men qualified for public life, they wished to place him where it could have full play. There was a perceptible weakness, but a natural one, which we all show.

Men are well represented as "gregarious animals in a moral as well as a physical sense." Most of our fellow men find it easier to accept the opinions of others rather than to work out an opinion for themselves, or seek, in doing so the brighter shining of "the light that lightens all who live;" they therefore follow in the track prepared for them, often unquestionably.

So far as the candidate for Parliamentary honors was himself concerned, he longed for a wider sphere of action than the one in which he moved, and knowing "we bring forth weeds when our quick minds be still," he seemed to dread inaction.

Mr. Richard H. Hart made his first appearance before the electors of Stawell on the evening of Monday. There was a crowded house to receive him in the style which a contested election has made its own particular one, but applause was in the ascendant, and under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr. Hart proceeded to woo the sweet voices of the people. In a manly address, characterised by a clear statement of his position and his views, he secured the attention of his audience to its close.

The fresh and youthful appearance of Mr. Hart was made the most of by his opponents, as disqualifying him r the prominent position to which he aspired. Against

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

this charge he defended himself with a mixture of humour and seriousness which was very effective. He said:—"As for the youthfulness of the Native, I think there must be some mistake here. I notice that one of these sprightly damsels—a Native—died at Sydney the other day, in all her sweet gushing innocence, at the age of ninety-five (laughter), and I think that, as often happens in a family, our fathers have failed to notice that 'the boys' are rapidly growing up into men, able and ready to think for themselves. Most of the greatest men the world has ever seen have started public life much earlier than myself, and though I have not presumption enough to place myself amongst the future great men of this colony, I have, I believe, the advantage in age over two of the best speakers and most promising members of the past Assembly—Mr. Deakin and Dr. Quick. (Cheers.) However that may be, I fancy that the charge of this hideous crime of youth will not go for much with an intelligent audience like the present, who will readily grant that when a man stands, as I do, on the verge of thirty, he has arrived at an age when he should at least know his own mind, and be prepared to give a reason for his faith. I therefore venture to lay before you my views upon questions of interest to us all, and what I lack in experience and knowledge I am willing and anxious to learn. As a young man, I have at any rate one great advantage—my public life is all before me. And I would infinitely prefer to stand before you as a young man who 'has his spurs to win' than as a hoary-headed politician, up to every move and dodge in politics, capable of the most determined log-rolling, having to apologise for a broken word, violated pledges, and

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

'peculiar' votes, and feeling that I had betrayed my trust, and had proved false alike to my constituents, my party, and the country. (Much cheering.) I have not the advantage of my friend Mr. Evans—I have not been a Liberal since I was sixteen. On the contrary, I was cradled and brought up in Conservatism. My education and training had been Conservative, and the views that I place before you to-night are the result of long and patient thought and observation. And I have yet to learn that a man who is a Liberal by force of circumstances holds his views any more strongly than a man who, as the result of patient conviction, deliberately breaks away from old associations, and unites himself with those views which he considers most in harmony with the progress and well-being of his native land. I break away from many an old friend, and many an old tie, but when I announce Liberal principles, you will do me the justice, I am sure, of believing me sincere. With regard to the present position of the contest in Stawell, I agree with Mr. Evans that it is a pity for more than one of us to stand. I am unlike Mr. Evans, however, in one respect; I *am* anxious for Parliamentary honors, and, if I am defeated this time, I shall try again and again (cheers) until I succeed."

After some precursory remarks concerning the Ministry, which ought never to have had an existence, and the history of which he characterised as "a tale of hopeless blundering and total incapacity to deal with state affairs," he called special attention to the disgraceful "Grattan address," and to the reliable future of the new house. He said—"Nor would it be fitting to close this brief glance at the history

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

of the O'Loghlen Ministry without an allusion to the notorious 'Grattan address.' And here one can scarcely find words sufficiently strong to express his indignation at this foul document. An address signed by members of our Parliament—men returned by the voice of the people to represent their views—in which it was declared that the union between Great Britain and Ireland 'is incompatible and detestible.' Gentlemen, as a native of this colony, I have not had the opportunity of looking upon the gracious face of our much-loved Queen. I have not had such opportunies as many of you have had of being impressed with her nobility of character; but, as a native, I blushed to find that there were men in this colony, members of the Legislative Assembly, sworn to loyalty, who could so disgrace themselves as to sign such treason. And how did Parliament deal with these men? Well, we know how the Premier dealt with the matter; he declined to take any notice of it, and it went out to the world that the leader of this fair colony shielded by his position in the House these traitors and rebels! To the honor of James Patterson, be it said, that he tabled a motion dealing with the matter, as it should be dealt with, and proposing to inflict upon these five members the punishment they so richly deserved. How that motion was practically defeated, I need not remind you, nor who by his vote yielded protection to those who had so grossly insulted our Queen. We, in this southern land, are as loyal to our Queen as any Englishman can be, and the feeling that condemned the action of Parliament was not confined to one class or section of the community, but was felt in all ranks, and amongst all classes, and nowhere in the colony

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

did men sing 'God save our gracious Queen' more lustily and more sincerely than in Stawell. (Great cheering.) That feeling has not died away; the votes recorded on that question have not been forgotten, and I trust that the electors of this colony will rise as one man, and declare that we have no sympathy with those who talk treason, or with those who shelter them. And yet the man who shirked his duty as the leader of the House has the coolness to talk about all men meeting together in peace. We will not 'cry peace where there is no peace,' but we will declare that, living, as we do, under the Government of the throne of England, we will allow no member of our Legislative Assembly to talk sedition and treason. The day of reckoning has come, and we may dismiss the O'Loghlen Ministry with the verdict that, entering upon their duties with the motto of 'peace, progress, and prosperity,' they leave it with the motto of 'patronage, place, and plunder.' What will be the constitution of the new House it is impossible, of course, to say, but I think everyone must have been struck with the great moderation in all the speeches delivered. The Premier's speech was so moderate that there was absolutely nothing in it. Mr. Berry's speech was one of the most able and moderate speeches that has ever been delivered on a Victorian platform, and from the utterances of Mr. Gillies and Mr. Service it may be seen that there is a general desire to forget party differences and legislate for the national good. I believe, myself, that Conservatives all over the colony unite in condemning the action of the small Melbourne party calling themselves constitutional leaders in supporting the O'Loghlen Ministry, and that the Liberal party will be

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

stronger now than it has ever been. The *Argus* says that the O'Loghlen Ministry has disappointed them, and what else can be expected when a party supports a suspicious combination merely in order to keep out of office an opposition party. Dishonest practices can never pay, and the result is now seen when the Conservatives stand before the country without a party, without a leader, and without a policy; and indeed, to my mind, there never was a time when the leaders of public opinion managed to say less than at the present time. The late Premier, as I have said before, has laid down no programme. Mr. Gillies does not give the slightest hint of a policy, and Mr. Service declares himself a Liberal. The only man before the country with a policy at the present time is Mr. Berry, and with his programme I heartily agree. The question of free trade and protection has ceased to be a burning question long ago, and protection is the settled policy of the country. Under its influence 'Our Boys' have found employment, industries have sprung up and grown, and Victoria bids fair to be a flourishing manufacturing land. That policy must be maintained, and I for one support protection to native industries." (Cheers.) He stated his disapproval of large estates and closed roads, when speaking on the Land Bill; urged the conservation of water, regarding this as of vital importance; strongly opposed such centralisation as was seen in the outlay of public money on Melbourne. He regarded a good Mining Bill and a Mining on Private Property Act as claiming first consideration; advocated the extension of railways, a Local Option Bill, and the Federation of the colonies as a very large and important question,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

looking forward to the time when all these colonies, welded into one powerful state, will become 'a voice among the nations of the earth;' and closed with the question of education.—

"And now I have left—and purposely so—to the last, the most important subject of all, the Education Act. And here I say, without any reservation whatever, that the Act must be defended against all its assailants, whoever they may be. No more glorious heritage has been handed down to us by our fathers, and that heritage must be sacredly and lovingly guarded. We are proud of the rights we possess as British citizens. We are grateful to our fathers for our civil and religious liberty, and we say that we will never allow any of the three principles of our Education Act to be touched, whoever the assailant may be—priest, clergyman, or layman—we say to him, 'hands off, and leave our Education Act alone.' (Cheers.) It is one the broadest planks in the platform of a democratic government, and, I believe, it is dearer to the people of this colony than any other privilege they possess. Long may it continue so! I am quite aware now that certain of our fellow citizens imagine that they have a grievance against the Act, but we deny the existence of such a grievance. Let me say here that I am no bigot. I yield freely to every man the right to choose his own religion, and I acknowledge that a Catholic has as good a right to be a Catholic as I have to be a Protestant; but when we find them declaring their intention to agitate until they secure their end, I say that the time has come for all Protestants to stand together and declare that they will not allow this Act to be tampered with in any

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

shape or form. As Mr. Service well put it the other evening, 'Our Roman Catholic friends say, We do not see why you should take our money to keep on State schools, and not give out any of our books.' To that I reply just one word, and that is, 'We do not take your money to teach our religion, and we shan't give you our money to teach yours.' The whole position lies in a nutshell. Maintain the three glorious principles—free, secular, and compulsory education!" These were his closing words,—"If in the way of doing my duty fairly and manfully, office comes to me, I shall accept it, and be thankful, but if not I can do my duty and wait. I have laid my views before you; if you like them give me your votes, if not vote for a better man. If I enter Parliament I shall not forget my pledges, and shall take as my motto the words of England's great dramatist,

'To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow as the night the day;
Thou canst not then be false to any man.' "

The speaker finished amidst prolonged applause.

Mr. Hart is not to be understood to undervalue Biblical instruction by his objection to the Bible being introduced into our State schools in the remarks he made when addressing the electors. Another reason influenced him which may readily be conceived. Unless provision was made for religious instruction, apart from the day school, his remarks would have been in a different strain. Any system of education which limits instruction to the study of what is

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

material, to the science of matter only, excluding the highest of all study, that of the Creator of man and the soul breathed into him by God, would have been condemned by him with a strong condemnation. Such a system is too closely allied to the existing neglect and impiety of the day to secure the support of any right-minded man. Scripture truth is the cure for these evils, and such truth to be prized must be known, and to be known it must be taught. He who was a teacher of it from the desk and in the Sabbath school cannot be suspected of ever regarding it lightly.

The reader of Mr Hart's political addresses will fail to trace either of the three R's of politics in them. He neither rails, rages, nor raves—none but patriots open to suspicions do. It is mostly the case that men who use these R's when on the hustings, are, if sent into the House, remarkable for the three B's afterwards; they excel in blundering, bribery and bullying, rather than those excellencies desirable in a representative of the people.

At a meeting held in the Town Hall on the eve of the election, Mr. Hart, on coming forward after the usual introduction by His Worship the Mayor, was received with deafening cheers, amongst which were a few ironical ones from the oppositionists. Mr Hart said, "He expected to be strenuously opposed, and he was. He understood that the Liberal lion and the Conservative lamb had agreed, the one to propose and the other to second a vote of confidence in Mr. Woods. He admitted that he had been brought up in Conservative principles, but he stood on his first political platform as an acknowledged Liberal. Mr. Woods was re-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

pudiated by Mr. Berry and by the Conservatives, and he must now be before them as an Independent—a character which he not long ago described as a 'political humbug.'" He hoped they would "carry him triumphantly to the head of the poll on the morrow, but, above all, stand firmly by the Education Act." (Loud and continued cheering as Mr. Hart resumed his seat.)

As the young candidate sat thus with the strong glare of public life upon him, not one of the multitude that looked at him supposed his retirement to the privacy of a sick room was so soon to follow.

The result of the election did not place Mr. Hart in Parliament, but it was a noble one, and may be regarded as an assurance of his return had he contested the seat again. That, it will be observed, he said he would do. A sage has said—"He that shooteth oft at last shall hit the mark." Providence, however, had other designs for him.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER VII.:

# LAST DAYS.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

(*a.*) In labors more abundant.

ST. PAUL.

(*b.*) So like a poplar that in wat'ry ground
Raised high the head with stately branches crown'd;
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honors on its head.

HOMER.

(*c.*) Oh! for a rest— * * * * *
* * * though the worm may feed there,
Where the sod weighs the head but not sorrow or care;
The grave, the grave, the home of the free;—
This is the rest—the rest for me.

HENRY NEELE.

(*d.*) God's finger touched him, and he slept.

TENNYSON.

(*e.*) Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird my soul hath passed.
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I.

PEARLS OF THE FAITH.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER VII.

An account of Mr. Hart's last public engagements presents to us the beginning of the end. The tremulous hand of his mother, under the guidance of eyes dim with the starting tear, has written a statement of the services in which her son engaged on October 28th, 1883; the last Sabbath which he was permitted to devote to his divine Master on earth. In the morning of that day he conducted public worship, taking as the basis of his discourse Matthew xxii. 42—"What think ye of Christ?" Although his face indicated great suffering during the delivery of the sermon, he was at home with his subject; he chose Gospel texts chiefly, as most calculated for useful exposition. "And above all"—to use the subtle sweet words of De Quincey—"he loved the story of that just man—man and yet *not* man,—real above all things and yet shadowy above things—who had suffered the passion of death in Palestine, which had slept upon his mind like early dawn upon the waters;" and been made so precious to him by a personal trust in Christ as his Saviour.

The preacher could appeal to his own personal experience of Jesus' love when he enforced the significant enquiry—"What think ye of Christ?" on the attention of his hearers:

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

many of these shewed a tender sympathy with the suffering preacher. In the afternoon he was at his post in the Sunday school, conveying instruction to those who received it from his lips with pleasure, the more so because they knew he was making an effort to communicate it to them.

He remarked to a friend as he was returning to his home—"I do not know how I shall play the organ to-night;" but when a supply was suggested the energy of a brave resolve to do his own work asserted itself, and the suggestion was dismissed with—"Oh no, that will not do." He presided at the organ that evening with his wonted skill, and it was the last time that instrument gave forth its melodious sounds, responsive to his firm but gentle touch.

Referring again to the paper written by Mrs. Hart, I find that it contains a statement not only of his last Sabbath's work, but notices also of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday's work are there too, and these show that he served others when he ought to have spared himself.

Mrs. Hart states that "on Monday morning he started as usual—rising at 5.30—for Ballarat, hiding from his loved ones the fact that he was suffering. On the Tuesday he had occasion to try a piano for a gentleman who was about to make a purchase. While playing he was seized with acute pain, which caused him a sleepless night. On Wednesday he went to a concert at Creswick, given under the auspices of the Creswick Branch of the A.N.A., in aid of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. He was very ill, but, nevertheless, went through the duties required of him, returned

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

that night to Ballarat, and was kindly attended to by the friends with whom he boarded.

"Thursday was fixed upon for a concert at Stawell, on behalf of the local cricket club. But for this necessity (of returning) he might have remained in Ballarat, and never been able to come home. Never shall I forget his ghastly face when I met him at the gate! He had but a few minutes in which to prepare for the concert, and was unable to take any refreshment, as every attempt to do so produced vomiting. He got through his evening's work and hastened home. Mr. Hart and I sat up with him till nearly morning, applying all the remedies within our reach, as we could not get the doctor that night, and did not apprehend any danger.

"In the morning the doctor came and prescribed for him, but did not think his case serious. One of the first questions Richard asked him was—'Do you think I will be able to go to Ballarat on Monday?' 'Oh yes, I think so,' was the reply.

(*b.*) "The medicine prescribed failed in its effects, and the next day, Saturday, Richard became alarmingly ill, though it was not till Sunday that the symptoms became sufficiently marked to enable the doctor to pronounce the disease *Peritonitis*. Then commenced the 'long agony, which, with but slight intervals, continued to the end."

The word Peritonitis need only to be understood, and "long agony" will be understood also. It means an inflamed condition of the thin, smooth, serous membr

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

which invests the whole internal surface of the abdomen and with more or less completeness all the viscera contained in it. And this was the disease with which he retired to his chamber after a week of exacting labors prosecuted whilst suffering from the first attacks of the malady. His many friends hoped he would recover quickly; but as time advanced, and relief from one aspect of the ailment was followed by the appearance of danger from another, they scarcely dare encourage the hope of his recovery. The young man of promise had gone into his room to fight with death's messenger. The conflict was painful and protracted. Those dear ones who in quiet and patience watched its stages often looked upwards, as he did who was directly engaged in it, and this cry ascended heavenwards—

"Lord, the fight is hard, and we,
Thy creatures, have no other
Help but Thee."

The prayer of the prostrated patient was that he might show "a lamb-like patience" and be preserved from complaints compared to the impatient bleating of an ewe detained against her will.

During many weeks the struggle was continued, the sick man growing less capable of resistance. He became so reduced by the frequent application of leeches, the use of opium, and being restricted to milk diet, that when by these means the inflammation was subdued he was reduced to a state of infantine feebleness, and the recovery of his lost strength appeared all but an impossibility.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

The year was close to its end, the intense heat of December having asserted itself before marked progress was made. The wearisome days and the more wearisome nights of more than two months had passed away, unmarked except by patient suffering on the one part and affectionate attention on the other. The sick-room, in which the events of one day are a reflex of the day before, and foreshadow what is to be on the day to follow, supplies no variety except change in the form of suffering or serving.

On Christmas Day the Helper of those who owned they had no help but from Him, gave cheer to this afflicted family more welcome than words can tell. The enfeebled sufferer hailed the return of strength, and hope, and life again. Although in a small degree, it was so full of comfort and of gladness that he wished in some suitable way to acknowledge it. At his request each member of the family gathered in his room. He then asked that the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel might be read. After listening to the beautiful narrative of our Saviour's nativity and the song of the angels, so full of glory and of goodwill, he led the family in prayer, the Holy Spirit helping his infirmities so greatly that he prayed with much power. It was thus that he used the first return of strength, to direct and take a prominent part in the family worship on that glad Christmas morn.

The natural kindness of his heart was indulged in the selection of a number of Christmas cards which, without provoking exhaustion, he addressed to the several members of the family—especially careful for those away from home,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

A day or two after this pleasing respite the disease again assumed the ascendancy, and he was very ill for a short time.

Early in January of 1884, the sufferer indicated further symptoms of improvement. He was able to *pencil* a few lines to a friend living in Ballarat, who had kindly executed a small order for ice, fish, and other things not always or easily procurable at Stawell. Beyond showing his thankfulness, and displaying his sadly reduced condition, the letter contains nothing of interest to any but those to whom it was written.

"Stawell, January 4th, 1884.

"My dear Hain,

"I am sure you will be glad to hear from me. I really do not know where to begin to thank you; my own brother could not have done more for me, or have done it more nicely. Accept my assurance that my father and mother as well as myself appreciate to the full your great kindness.

"I have had a hard pull of it. Several times it was hard to tell whether it would be life or death, but a merciful Father hath delivered me. My relapse was painful and serious,—dysentery, which seemed to defy all efforts to stop it, and a terrible attack of hiccough, loud, and seeming to tear me in pieces, and lasting for several days. However, the doctor thinks it is unlikely I shall have another relapse now, and inch by inch I am gaining strength. To-morrow a bed is to be made for me in the front room, and the doctor is to carry me in. He hopes to have me out of the bed by the end of the month, but that is the best he can say. He will not hear of my working *for months* to come.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

*Let my attack be a warning for someone else.* If I were in his place I should give up all extra work for the next six months and take a back seat; the reward is certain and large.

"* * * * I enjoyed those perch so much, and the salmon trout will make me an agreeable change. I tire soon of one kind of fish.

"* * * * I had my first fruit to-day, *three* beautiful strawberries. If they agree with me I am to increase the quantity daily. It is the only fruit allowed so far.

"Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Hain and Mr. Edwards, and with many thanks and best wishes,—Yours as ever,

"R. Hy. Hart."

"January 5th.

"Between ourselves, I shall not be able to be at Conference (A.N.A.) Doctor says it is absolutely impossible, but I believe I am a Stawell delegate. Sixteen strawberries to-day. In future I am to have strawberries or raspberries as I can eat them, but I may not touch a stale one. This is an improvement, as I have been longing for fruit."

The statements here made as to his reduced strength are touching, and indicate close proximity to the grave. When the physical force of a young man's life is measured by his ability to eat a few strawberries, that force is a very tiny thing, only less small than the dharra amongst the purple seeds of the fig—not seen at all until it moves.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Similar acts of thoughtful attention on the part of Mr. H. W. H. Irvine are spoken of with gratitude by Mr. Hart's family.

Mrs. Hart takes up the narrative again here:—"According to arrangement Richard was moved from the room he had occupied into the drawing-room, which was cleared of superfluous furniture, and fitted up for his comfort. It is a large cheerful room, and the change was very pleasing to him. He was soon able to move from the bed to the sofa, and even to walk a little. After a short time a bath chair was procured, and he was wheeled about the garden, when his delight in being able to see the flowers and enjoy the fresh air was very great. On one occasion his devoted friend Dr. Bennett drove him out a short distance." Permitted once more to look on that vast expanse of blue sky in which no man can detect fault or flaw, to catch the sweet joyful carols uttered by the birds, and to look over all that enlivened and beautified the landscape, his heart, if not his lips, would say—

"O world! Thou art wond'rous fair."

This was his last talk with nature. "At this time all looked hopeful; he seemed to be gradually gaining strength, though the pains in the side gave us some uneasiness. A day or two after his drive symptoms of inflammation again showed themselves, and recourse was once more had to leeches. He was again confined to bed, from which he never rose."

Some of the South Sea islanders have a strikingly signi-

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ficant word, the synonym of the English word relapse. Hazlewood, in his admirable dictionary of the Fijian language, simply gives relapse as its meaning. The word is *Ta-n' Doko;* compounded of *Ta*, to chop or cut with an axe —and *n'Doko*, a pointed stick used as a pick or a spade. The Anglicised meaning of the word literally is—he has cut his stick, or he has procured the spade with which to dig his grave; recovery after a relapse being considered an impossibility.

Mrs. Hart's account of the invalid's patience is that it was "amazing under continuous acute suffering," and his desire to live was strong. How much there was to make him to live, and to achieve what he knew, if blessed with health, was within his power!

"There was hope in Israel concerning him," and the extent to which he shared in it is shown in a cheerful letter written to his sister, then at Murtoa :—

"Stawell, 26th January, 1884.

"My dear Florrie,

"I am sure you will be pleased to hear from me, and you may tell the others I write to you as the 'boss' of the Murtoa household. I miss you and Minnie very much, and poor mother misses you more. You must not be surprised if home letters sometimes seem gloomy. Both father and mother are thoroughly out of sorts. Father seems completely dejected, and mother has not been outside the house since my illness, now over twelve weeks, and is really jaded and overworked. * * Of course this will all pass away when I am about and the pressure removed. I am getting on splendidly

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

now. Fancy me walking across the drawing-room with one arm resting on mother's and the other on father's arm. I will sketch you to-day's proceedings. * * * * Friends vie with one another in sending me nice things. (A list of donations, the donors gratefully named, and the invalid's enjoyment of the gifts takes up some space here.)

"The doctor expects to have me out on the verandah when we have a fine day. I really am putting on strength and flesh every day, and feel quite encouraged.

* * * * * * * * *

"Best love from all to all.

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"R. Hy. Hart."

To this letter is appended a postscript of unusual length, added next day. The importance of one part of it claims notice.

"Tell Tom I am so grieved to think that my illness will cause our family to be unrepresented at his wedding. I hope he will not allow himself to feel it, because it is out of our power to remedy. We shall be with him in spirit.

"I see I have not made it quite clear about Minnie's holiday * * * * I cannot write clearly just now, but hope you will understand this.

"Mother has been unable to write, but will try to write a few lines to-night (28th) for Tom, to Emily, that he may get them to-morrow."

This letter reveals much kind thought for those on whose

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

health a cheerfully rendered service was making inroads; but "of course this will all pass when I am about again." So said hope, the curer of all our ills! And how mindful he was of friendly kindnesses. The fiery affliction had not dried up the soft dews of his youth, nor his kind-heartedness. The brief respite granted from the live twinges of his deep-seated disease is filled in with reciting the kindly acts of relatives and friends in kindly phrase. Love for friends was supplemented with love of God, which is the sublimest gratitude.

"His faith," Mrs. Hart says, "was simple as that of a little child. I remember once when Miss Shipton's small book, 'Tell Jesus,' lay on his table, I asked him if he had been reading it. He said—'No, I cannot read; but the title is enough.' That day an article of diet on which he depended was exhausted, and as there was some difficulty in getting a fresh supply, his sister was looking anxious. He said—'Don't trouble, it will come.' Shortly after a friend called and brought the article required. He had told Jesus, and hence his freedom from anxiety!"

Richard was always very reticent in giving expression to his religious experience, but his patient acquiescence in the Divine will spoke volumes. On one occasion he said—"I am not like some people, who say they can shout God's praises when they are in an agony of pain, *but I am quite resigned to the will of God.*" "Sweet is the cup of bitterness which cometh in such wise." No word of murmuring escaped him; and his gratitude for little acts of kindness made it a pleasure to wait upon him. "Do not think I am

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

ungrateful if I do not say—Thank you," he would often say.

In view of Richard H. Hart's reticency the following passage, taken from the very heart of one of his sermons, is singularly significant.

"I especially thank God that He ever put it into the heart of good John Wesley—who now abideth in God's presence for ever—to establish the class-meeting. I have gone there feeling broken down and wearied, or with my 'heart hot and restless,' and feeling the burden laid upon me to seem greater than I could bear, and, as one after another has spoken of God's goodness, I have felt my heart throb and settle down, and the dark clouds have rolled away, and the bright Son of Righteousness has 'arisen with healing in His wings.' There was a time when I valued not this means of grace, when I did not understand its worth. I thank God I have lived to see my error, and to-day there is no service of the sanctuary I value more highly, for it is in the class-meeting that God has sent to me some of his sweetest and tenderest messages."

Month succeeded month, allowing his attendants little choice of reply to the unceasing enquiries of kind friends. Time was yet the sick man's tabernacle; he was yet a sojourner on earth, but alternating between "a little better" and "slightly worse," until hope was dead in nearly every bosom, his own excepted. Nevertheless, not a few men of influence entertained the opinion that his was a life of too much value to be jeopardised without a special effort to preserve

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

it. Not a few of these thought, with the Hon. A. Deakin, the Minister of Public Works, that his death would be a national loss, to be averted if possible. The many consultations held by the local medical men resulted in an increased perplexity. Thus affairs continued until the month of July; then the Miners' Association, mindful of past services rendered by Mr. Hart, at considerable personal inconvenience, subscribed the sum of £10 towards the £20 required to secure the services of Dr. John Tremearne, and the Wesleyan Church Choir paid the other half. On the Sunday following the evening of the doctor's arrival, Stawell is described as being "in a state of subdued excitement." The consultation was held on a Sunday morning. An announcement to that effect was made to the congregation assembled in the Wesleyan Church, and, according to the *Evening Post*, "the whole congregation joined in earnest prayer to God that the consultation might be guided aright, and that the patient's life might be spared." The examination to which he was subjected was an exhaustive one, the decision being that an abscess had formed on the liver. No operation was considered necessary. Contrary to a generally existing opinion, Mr. Hart was pronounced to have "a very strong vital constitution," and every hope of his recovery was held out. The patient was assured that if he would keep up his spirits, eat little and often, he would wear out the disease. On his own part he was hopeful, satisfied that the result would be ultimate recovery. On learning these particulars the expectations of his friends were once more raised, and the hope was encouraged that the Giver of those sparks which light life's

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

flame would let the bright, joyous, warm light of vigorous life shine on him again.

It was with an eager expectation that the watchers waited for signs of the improvement predicted—but in vain. The remedies prescribed were taken, but the sufferer could not retain them ; neither could he take required support, so that his strength and his flesh gradually wasted away. All the rays of home affection were now directed to the room in which the sick one lay. When September had run out half its days he was unable to be raised from a strictly recumbent position, neither could he, when the middle of October was reached, swallow the light food on which for several weeks he had subsisted. The statement of this to his mother brought about one of those " moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness" which, says Washington Irving, "hallow the caresses of affection."

The twelfth day of October was no ordinary day to the occupants of Gleneira. The weary months of ceaseless attention on their sick son were telling painfully on the health of his parents, and on this day the climax of endurance was arrived at by his father, but not before a great joy had been vouchsafed. Mrs. Hart, who had carried the burden of a knowledge that her son's end was near, but feared to tell him so, had left his bedside, reflecting sadly on his inability to receive nutriment, and her place was taken by her husband. To him the long restrained tongue of his son was loosed. The hallowed fire was kindled within him, and he spake precious words of an assured confidence in his Saviour.

(*c.*) "It is all right, father. I have given myself so fully

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

to the Saviour as I never did before, and am quite ready to go; I am so happy." And so was the father who had listened to a beloved dying son's heart-gladdening words.

The interview between the father and the son was their last on earth. A short time after the gladdened father had listened to the precious words of his son, exhausted nature succumbed. The weary watcher was stricken down, and so severe was his sickness that the attention of the doctor was diverted from the dying son to the prostrated condition of the father, whose situation was so critical as to justify its being kept secret from the majority of the family.

Of the times prior to this sad augmentation of her trouble, Mrs. Hart writes :—"The kind sympathy of friends in Stawell and in different parts of the colony was gratefully appreciated by Richard, and will never be forgotten by us who survive him. When it was necessary that a watch should be kept through the night, volunteers were ever ready for the work, and no hired hand ever waited upon him; indeed, so great was the public interest in him that it became no small part of the duty of his attendants to answer enquiries made about him!" When it became known that Mr. Hart, sen., had sunk under the prolonged strain to which he had been subjected, this new sorrow added force to the kindness of all previously so very considerate, for again Mrs. Hart writes :—"Kind friends shared with me the task of administering to my sick husband's wants, and of soothing the dying hours of my dear son. That week will never be forgotten!"

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Lest an affectionate mother should be swallowed up of overmuch sorrow, her sinking son became her comforter :— "Richard, unselfish to the last, was now the one to cheer us."

Ever after he had spoken of his peace of mind and joy of heart to his father, that peace remained unbroken, and not a shadow passed over his view of the future. "His joy at times was extatic, and found utterance in constant ascriptions of praise to God." On the Tuesday morning he expressed a wish to know what his medical friend really thought of his condition, and stated this wish to him. "I want you," he said, "to tell me if there is any hope of my recovery." Observing that a reply to his enquiry was not made promptly, he added—"You need not fear to tell me." "I fear I can give you no hope," was the answer given! Then, with his usual sweet smile, he said—"All right, doctor."

On the following Wednesday morning he gave the question a different cast. Referring to his approaching end, he said—"Doctor, how long do you think it will be?" Perceiving hesitancy again on the part of his friend, he continued—"It does not matter much, but I would like to see my brothers and sister." On learning that they were all on their way to see him he was quite satisfied, adding this to his former words of happy trust—"You know, doctor, I have a home to go to. I am going home." Happy are they who can thus, when descending the banks of the cold river, trust in God: "He made life, and He takes it, but instead gives more."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Notwithstanding the prostrated condition of the sufferer, his delight this time was to have as many members of the family near to him as was practicable, his eyes in electric communication with theirs, always discountenancing the least appearance of gloom perceptible on the countenance of any of them.

When his sufferings did not render his seeing visitors imprudent, he welcomed them, dismissing each with this injunction—"Meet me in heaven."

As his weakness increased so as not to allow of his speaking, except in a whisper, he, in this manner, repeated a number of passages of Scripture, and select verses from hymns, with marked accuracy. On one occasion Mrs. Hart became the reciter, her son the hearer. She repeated the four verses with which the seventh chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine closes. When repeating the sixteenth verse she made a slight mistake, giving it thus :—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun shine on them, nor any heat." The mistake was at once detected and corrected—"light on them," he said quietly.

Mrs. Hart further states that once he himself repeated the 23rd Psalm. It appears he was blessed with an interval of ease; this, he, who as the boy orator had recited Mrs. T. P. Hill's poem of "Welcome to the Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh," in the old Exhibition Buildings, now employed to deliver this Psalm of comfort with a more chastened elocution.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

To his sister who was constant in her attendance upon him, and whom he observed to be in tears, he said—"I shall soon be leaving you, Florrie." Seeing her troubled countenance on hearing these words, he added, "You must think of me as away from all pain and trouble, for it has been *one long agony* from the first day of my illness." Well may his mother exclaim—"How much was expressed in those sad words, who can tell?"

"As an instance of the loving interest taken in him," writes his mother, "I may just say that during the last few evenings of his life, the cabmen, on their way to the Railway Station, *walked* their horses past the house. The most painful feature of his disease was the intense thirst it caused, which nothing could effectually assuage. During the last week he would often murmur 'How sweet! Fountains of living waters.' 'They shall thirst no more.' Up to the 12th October he had been able to take a little solid food; on that morning he tried to take it, but could not; at night he took a little milk, and after that, although he lived six days, he took nothing but water and ice. During that night he conversed quite cheerfully with the friend who watched with him; dwelling much on the joy which awaited him, and urging her to live fully to God. On Wednesday afternoon his brothers and sister arrived, and he roused himself to cheer and comfort them; obtaining from each a promise to meet him in heaven. His calm demeanour seemed to infuse comfort and peace all around him. The very atmosphere of the room seemed to partake of it, and we scarcely dared to mourn. During Thursday

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

he took leave of several friends, and distributed tokens of affection amongst his loved relatives."

Although Mr. Hart mostly urged his relatives to restrain their emotions he made an exception on the entrance of one of his brothers, who knelt by the bed on which he lay and sobbed aloud. "That's right," Richard said, "have a good cry; we all feel like that"—thus encouraging the weeper to relieve his burdened heart by shedding tears.

He derived great satisfaction in conversing with those about him regarding the employment of the blest in heaven, and, when amongst their other joys that of elevated music and sweet song was named, "the ruling passion, strong in death," manifested itself. He lingered over the loved idea, and, when putting it into words himself, "his joyful utterance of the word *music* was something to hear." The impression was the same on his sister's mind:—"On one occasion, when my mother took my brother's hand in hers and remarked, 'This poor wasted hand will soon be sweeping the strings of a harp in the New Jerusalem,' the drooping Asaph of the Stawell sanctuary, roused by the thought of heaven's sweet melodies, replied 'Oh, yes, MUSIC.' But words fail to express the pathos he infused into that one word 'music.'"

With the intention of cheering the sorrowing ones, on whom he looked with the strong and pure affection of an obedient son and loving brother, he used to say, "I shall often be hovering around you."

"What a sweet thought it is," said he, "that the angels

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

will come right down into this room where I lie, and bear me upwards in their arms."

"On the afternoon of Thursday he suffered fearfully from thirst. Turning to one who was keeping watch with me —Miss Hart—he said, very earnestly, 'You will meet me at the fountain, won't you?' We both replied 'Oh yes,' at which he appeared much pleased."

"His medical attendant directed us to give my brother ice, and as ice was not procurable in Stawell we telegraphed to Ballarat for a supply, and were informed a quantity would reach Stawell by eight o'clock p.m. Never shall I forget those tedious hours between five o'clock and eight o'clock! The poor sufferer asked at brief intervals to be told the time, following each answer that indicated progress to the longed-for hour with the words, 'Thank God'—sighed rather than spoken." So piteous was the silent pleading of his eyes for relief that his sister often had to leave the room to escape the distress it occasioned her.

"My mother and I kept watch together on the following day (Friday). Once he looked upwards and said—'There is a happy land—no *not* far, far away, but quite close.' Then he raised his voice and tried to sing the hymn. At the end of two lines his voice failed him, and he said 'No! I can't sing it.' After resting a moment or two he said—'Praise, Praise.' My mother then asked if he was attempting to say—'Praise God from whom'—'Yes! Yes!' he said, with pauses,—

Praise God from——whom——all——
blessings flow———

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Praise Him all——creatures——
here below———Mother"

It was during Friday afternoon that Mrs. Hart again knelt by her son, and, on repeating the first line of his favorite Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," he rejoined—"I shall not want;" and did not stop until he was in the middle of the 4th verse. Here he paused, but, on his mother supplying the words—"Thy rod and Thy staff," her son exclaimed triumphantly—"*they comfort me.*"

Miss Hart writes :—

"My brother always talked about his own death—so near—with great calmness, and the thought of flowers seemed to be linked on to his bier. 'You will *cover* me with white roses, won't you?' And again, on the last day of his conscious sojourn with us, he spoke tenderly to me of his burial. His ardent passion for flowers guided his words,—'You will be able to procure plenty of white flowers for me, Florrie.' He derived real pleasure from this thought. And his wish was faithfully carried out to the letter. His coffin was covered over with white roses supplied by friends in Stawell, by other friends in Melbourne, and by members of the A.N.A., Ballarat Branch. Some of these were sent as bouquets, and others as wreaths *à la immortelle.*"

"On Friday"—writes his mother—"he seemed continually to suffer from thirst, constantly craving for ice. Several times during that day we thought the end had come, but he still lingered on. Towards night his mind began

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

to wander, and at times he did not seem to recognise any of us. Once when I had been away from him, taking a little rest, having left loving hands to minister to his wants, on returning I knelt by his bedside, longing for another recognition. He opened his eyes and with his own bright smile murmured—'Mother's tender touch.' Saturday he passed for the greater part in a state of insensibility. Once a gleam of consciousness shone in his face, and he whispered 'the Lamb,' and again relapsed.

*(d.)* "That night, when Dr. Bennet examined him, he said —'He will not suffer any more, and will probably pass away at midnight.' We watched silently by his bed, all but his father being present, and, just as Sabbath dawned, he passed away so gently that we scarcely knew when he ceased to breathe. So easy was the transit that one of his sisters said—'Is this death? I shall never fear to die!'" It was

"His true eyes glazed in death,
And the warm heart wearied had beat
The last drum of its long defeat.
An Angel * * *
Took his Spirit by the hand,
And gently spake 'Dear brother come,
A sore road thou didst journey home.'
* * * *
Then with swift flight those twain did rise,
Unto the gates of Paradise."

And the disembodied spirit thus received into the mansions of the blest, his body lay where so long it had travelled

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

that "sore road," pale and white and cold as snow; so dead that it could not alter one muscle of its calm and placid features.

During the last week of Mr. Hart's illness his thoughts were directed towards the Sunday School and to his many juvenile friends receiving true religious instruction in the classes taught there. He asked that Mr. Akins, the superintendent of the school, might see him, that through him he might speak farewell words to the scholars. Mr. Akins received the message from dying lips. On the following Lord's Day he endeavoured to deliver it. The occasion, as described by an eye-witness, was not only a solemn but a deeply affecting one. The pillars of the spacious triple-roofed hall were draped with black cloth, and a long strip of the same material, on which the words "For ever with the Lord" were sewn in raised white characters, was stretched high over the platform.

The duties of the afternoon were commenced under hushed, reverent feelings. The dolesome emblems around the place spoke, with a voiceless gravity, of the removal of a teacher greatly beloved. The heavy hearts of surviving teachers, and the more intelligent of the scholars, hung on those exquisitely pathetic lines,—

> "But O for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

Pensive memories crowded in upon them, and longings for one more look upon that face so quick to kindle into smiles, and to be led once again in the sweet service of song

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

by that voice that was gone—gone to join in the song of the redeemed, elevated by its theme

"Far o'er the music of angels, the song
Of the Lamb that was slain."

A hymn, solemn in its sentiment and sung to an appropriate tune, was followed by a prayer offered by Mr. Hain, senr., and the closing half of the seventh chapter of Revelations, beginning at the ninth verse, was read—"After that I beheld and, lo, a great number, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;" and so on to the end of chapter.

Mr. Akins then addressed himself to the task of describing the interview with his deceased friend, and attempted to deliver the message entrusted to him. But this needed a self-control, a steeling of the heart, to which the man who had been to the deceased what Jonathan was to David was unequal. His high opinion of the dead, his strong affection for him, his keen sense of a loss he could not speak, overmastered him. He stood and wept. There were present those who went up to that hall "weeping as they went," and now they wept aloud. All attempt at the concealment of emotion was relinquished. All who were there bewailed their loss as "with the weeping of Jazer," a lamentation that was deep and bitter. This was especially the case with the older scholars, in the minds of whom he had assisted to implant desires for a life of love and duty to their Creator—God.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

When the voice of weeping had subsided into the softer expressions of sobs and sighs, Mr. Akins succeeded in commanding his voice so as to deliver the message. It was simple and kindly, and becoming one who spoke it from the river of death :—

"Tell the scholars I want them all to meet me in heaven ; and say I shall watch over them all if I am permitted to do so, and I firmly believe I shall be. Tell them how happy the thought makes me—that I am going home."

The impression made on many young minds by that touching service, and the farewell words of Richard H. Hart, remain unto this day ; and are likely to follow them through life. Several of the scholars have said since that the message then delivered to them has strengthened them in their endeavors to live a godly life, by encouraging within them the hope of meeting in heaven one to whom they had been so strongly attached whilst amongst them on earth.

The death of Mr. Hart was telegraphed to the Melbourne morning papers ; and during Monday the telegraph and the post brought words of condolence and sympathy from nearly all parts of the colony, supplying proof, in a fresh form, to the bereaved family of the high esteem in which Richard Henry Hart was held alike by his friends whom they knew and friends to them unknown.

Not a few of the Victorian papers directed the attention of their readers in a special manner to his death. These notices had, of necessity, a *memento mori* cast, but anything

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

approaching a Memphian shade or overcast could not be found in one of them. One sample, taken from a secular paper, and one, taken from a religious journal, must suffice to show the general tone of these mortuary notifications. A contributor to a leading Ballarat paper expressed his views of the event thus:—

"Victorian society has received a shock in the lamented death of Mr. R. H. Hart, the man of all the talents—

> A man so various, that he seems to be
> Not one but all mankind's epitome.

It was not easy to tell which was his leading talent, but, without doubt, it was as an orator that he was best known to old and young in his native country. I do not know of any orator possessed of a clearer, smoother, sweeter, and distincter voice. The last time I had the pleasure of hearing him in public was, I think, at the first Recidiviste meeting in the Alfred Hall. I have had several lengthy conversations with him on social and political matters, and it was one of my most ardent desires to see him in Parliament as the natural leader of the natives, for, in spite of his Conservative training, he was ultra-Liberal to the backbone, and I do not think that the offer of any portfolio would have caused him to throw in his influence with the moppers-up of the soil. The Natives trusted in him, and sure I am that he would never have betrayed that trust had it pleased Heaven to have permitted him to legislate for his native land. But it was not to be. 'Those whom the gods love die young.' Genius too often preys on itself—the mental

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

faculties are too often allowed to develop at the expense of the physical powers, and so it is that the Keats and the Kirke Whites die away just as we know their value, and cling to them to stay. What Mr. Hart would have been had he lived in full vigor into the seventies it is not very hard to surmise. With the intellect and the talents he possessed, and the integrity which made all who knew him hold him to be as true as steel, that he should have been the leading man of Victoria, and perhaps of Australia, was not impossible. Heaven send another like him."

A Melbourne religious paper, which has a circulation throughout Australia, said:—"The news of the death of Mr. R. H. Hart, of Stawell, will be received throughout the colony with great regret. He was greatly gifted and much beloved. In addition to having been a local preacher and earnest worker in our church, he was a prominent member of the Australian Natives' Association, upon which he exercised a wide and healthy influence. He would, doubtless, had his life been spared, have become a leader amongst men. It is one of the great mysteries by which we are surrounded that a life of so much promise has been cut short. 'He withholdeth the face of His throne, and spreadeth His cloud upon it.' About a year ago Mr. Hart was laid aside by disease; and while life was very precious to him, we believe death had no terror for him. With great patience and Christian fortitude he bore his long-continued sufferings, and peacefully passed away on Sunday morning."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here ; and we believe him
Something far advanced in state ;
And he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

Tuesday, the 21st of October, 1884, was the day decided on for committing the shell to its last bed in the grave. On the preceding day Mr. Hart, senr., had with considerable effort left his own sick bed to take a last look at the mortal remains of his first-born son. That scene is one too tender and too solemn to admit of a description of it here. If the trembling man did not say there lies the pride of *all* my *hopes*, he could say of so very many of them ; and the anticipated shade of his declining years.

On Tuesday, before the mournful cortege left "Gleneira" for the cemetery, a part of the funeral service was conducted by the bed side of Mr. Hart, senr., at which all the members of the family were present. This service is described as "a peculiarly solemn one." The Rev. Joseph Albiston conducted it, and continued the service by the side of the grave. Fuller particulars are supplied in an account of the burial which appeared in the *Pleasant Creek News* of Thursday.

"The funeral of the late Mr. Richard Henry Hart took place on Tuesday, the respect in which he was held being testified by the large attendance of mourners, which (says the *News*) numbered more than a thousand, while about

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

twenty vehicles, containing a number of residents of the district, were included in the procession, which started from the deceased's late residence, shortly after four o'clock, and slowly wended its way to the Stawell Cemetery, where the interment took place. The Wesleyan Church choir, which had been conducted by the deceased, sang a number of hymns on the way to the cemetery. The mournful procession was led by members of the Freemasons order, to which Mr. Hart belonged, and which included representatives of the lodges at Ballarat, Horsham, Murtoa, Ararat, and other places; next followed the hearse, although immediately after this were the members of the Australian Natives' Association, six of whom were carrying the coffin, on which were placed a number of wreaths and bouquets of flowers; next followed the choir, while immediately after this was the mourning coach, which contained the two brothers of the deceased; next followed a long line of mourners, while the vehicles brought up the rear. A large number of the Branches of the A.N.A. throughout the colony were represented. The Rev. Mr. Albiston, of the Wesleyan Church, performed the last obsequies at the grave, and the masonic service was conducted by Past-master Morgan, of the Orion Lodge, E.C., Ballarat."

These are the circumstantials of the last attentions of which the young man of such large promise and so many hopes was the recipient. He was placed in that grave by those who loved him, in a sleep from which no human power can awake and which none can disturb.

The assertion of a gifted modern writer that there is

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"In every home a trouble—a memory that comes with the twilight and grows mightier as the day leaves us,"—is understood by those who form the "Gleneira" family. And often, even now, as that family sits by the silent hearth—when the sun sinks to his rest, touching

"* * * * to life the pictures on the wall,
And smiting the dusk with bars of amber"

—in a calm endeavour to recall words of kindness gone, and sounds of mirth now dumb for ever, they ask no other comment on that assertion than is supplied by their own experience, as evening follows evening.

The first fortnightly meeting of the Ballarat branch of the Australian Natives' Association, held after the hand of death had deprived the Association of its loved and respected leader, was adjourned out of respect to Mr. Hart, no business except what was urgent and necessary being transacted. The President (Mr. D. J. Wheal), in very touching language, referred to the loss the Association had sustained by Mr. Hart's death, and at the same meeting a proposal to raise funds for a memorial stone was carried unanimously. The motion for the adjournment, and a letter of condolence to be sent to the parents, was moved, seconded, and carried in silence, and the meeting closed.

Shortly after the demise of Mr. Hart an "In Memoriam" lecture was delivered at Stawell, in the Town Hall, under the auspices of the A.N.A., by Mr. R. Hain, junr., of Ballarat. Mr. Hain claimed for his departed friend what the orator Burke claimed for his brother orator and politician,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Fox—" That he was born to be loved." They mourned his removal, but it must not be forgotten that he had lived to purpose, and had left them in his life and work a brilliant example which they all ought to emulate. The deceased recognised that life, however bright and beautiful, is a stern reality. The lecturer recited Longfellow's Psalm of Life as expressing the life Mr. Hart had lived. His birth, early love for music, school and college life, his life as a tutor where before he had been taught, his oratorical abilities, his settlement at Stawell, and his assistance of the public charities and the poor were all placed before a large and deeply interested audience. The lecturer then proceeded to notice his course as a Christian and a politician. As a Christian he had a well-thought-out theory in regard to religion, and his life was consistent therewith. He did not trouble himself about the creed of another man so long as he followed the one ideal—Jesus Christ. His opinion of the sin of bigotry was expressed in the strong words of—
" O ! Bigotry, most cursed in heaven most damned in hell."

As a politician he sought the good of his country. Unassuming though he was, it had been truly said of him, " No one could buy him, no one could intimidate him." For this reason the Natives looked to him as a national leader. As the young men of Italy had made such a noble stand for the right under Garibaldi, so the youth of this colony had been prepared to act under Mr. Hart. His political influence was widely felt, although he was never in Parliament. Had he lived, a position in the Legislative Assembly would have been made certain for him, and without doubt he

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

would have taken a prominent position there. He had the will to tell those who trifled with the interests of our land they must do so no longer, and would have had the opportunity. His loss to the Natives' cause could never be repaired; no one could inspire such respect and gain such esteem. He was prompted to connect himself with the Natives' Association by the idea that it might be used as an efficient lever for the elevation of the youth of the land. There was something almost prophetic in the last piece which he recited in public being –

"Break, break, break at the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me!"

And his intensely earnest rendition of this pathetic composition thrilled the large audience before which it was delivered. He died as he lived, a true Christian, leaving behind him a record which every Australian would do well to study.

Mr. Hain concluded his well-delivered lecture amidst loud applause.

A month later Mr. Hain delivered this lecture in the Town Hall, Creswick, at the request of Branch No. 11 of the Association. Here again he had a crowded and enthusiastic assembly, who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of doing honor to the memory of R. H. Hart in the belief that not only noble, but

"Faithful and true, patient and pure
Had been his years."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

But it is chiefly as a public man, assisting in any movement that had for its object the amelioration of suffering or the advancement of the district, that his loss will be felt. His talents eminently fitted him to be "a leader amongst men," and his was the guiding hand that conducted to a successful issue many efforts that might have resulted in failure under less skilful management.

In the Natives' Association his abilities were warmly admired and often called into requisition, and it is mainly owing to his indefatigable labours and peculiar talent for organisation that the Society occupies so prominent a position in Stawell as it does at present. For twelve months he occupied the position of President of the Board of Directors, which position his capacity for business and eloquence as a speaker eminently qualified him to adorn. As a public speaker he was clear, logical, forcible, and eloquent to a high degree; so much so, that even amongst more experienced men, who are regarded as political orators, he always commanded an enthusiastic reception.

No additional word need be added to prove that as a private man Richard H. Hart, by his noble qualities, won for himself a large circle of attached friends; or, that he was never slack in the service of his God; or, when his fellow-man asked his assistance, slow to give it. These truths are as obvious as that when he had attained the age of thirty years, "after he had served his own generation, by the will of God he fell asleep."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER VIII.:

# CONCLUSION.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same."—St. Paul.

"That which is good has of its very essence a longer existence than evil. Moreover, the fleshly garment of decay veils from our view much that is beautiful and lovable in men; and the windings and difficulties of the road they walk on will often distort or hide the true character of their pursuits so that we do not see them as they are. When the veil is removed by death, and the rough places and the bitter struggles made known, we are in a better position to judge justly."—Anon.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# CHAPTER VIII.

At the close of this book the words written at its commencement may be repeated in substance. It has become almost an impossibility for a young man in this age to elude a close scrutiny if he appears on any of the more thronged of men's pathways, acting under a conviction that he has a vocation amongst men, and with a modest self assertiveness directs his energies to the effective accomplishment of that vocation. The possibilities and the probabilities attached to such a course throw a charm about the young man who pursues it, and questions as to its issue increase as our knowledge of the ideal he has erected as his goal is enlarged.

And how wide a field is opened before us for reflection, when such a course is suddenly arrested by death! Amidst the clouds and darkness around the event, feeble sense is sure to stumble and to misread the deed. The hand of a supreme power may be acknowledged; but the hands of a surprised onlooker are folded more easily than his will, for this reason—the removal of what was so fruitful in promise is so contrary to the thoughts and ways of men. This difficulty need not be amplified here and now. For the present hear the customary exclamation of an Eastern philosopher and keep silence:—

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

"Nay! Accurst are they who judge of God by man;"

And consider the solemn enquiries put to us by the same authority:—

"Wilt thou be wiser than God,
Who knoweth the beginning and end?
Wilt thou be juster than He—
Whose balance is turned by a sigh?"

Also, consider a similar query proposed by Job—"Shall any teach God knowledge? Seeing He judgeth those that are high: and let us remember ever that though He maketh sore He bindeth up, and though He woundeth His hands make whole."

Inasmuch, therefore, as God thus sets His mercies over against his judgments, like the sunshine and the showers of an English April day, it is man's duty to cultivate a submissive and thankful spirit, making family mercies and family trials helps to the growth of family religion. To do this we have reason to believe is the purpose of the surviving members of the family from which Mr. Hart is taken away. Thus the vista of the future is brightened by their united faith and hope, and their expectancy of meeting—no wanderer lost—"an unbroken family in heaven" is strengthened.

As illustrative of St. Paul's words that to right and good acts praise shall be awarded, I ask attention to the words of Samuel Fiddian, M.A., the Rev. W. A. Quick, and the Hon. Alfred Deakin, each of whom touches on different points of his character—Mr. Deakin exhaustively.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

To these the reader can add the high testimonials to his moral character and literary abilities to be found in Chapter IV.

"My acquaintance with the late Richard Hart began in the year 1872, when he came to assist me in the school. He remained with me a few months, and from my recollections of that early period I can add but little to the general estimate of his character. The Christian principle, the natural politeness, and the passion for music which then distinguished him were afterwards further developed and matured, and became widely known.

"But seeing that his first engagement as a teacher was with me, I may just say that I was impressed with his happy manner in dealing with boys. He arrested attention and maintained order by tact and gentle firmness, without resorting to those harsh measures which sometimes make the relations of pupil and master anything but pleasant.

"S. F."

The few months might have been many but for delicate health. Dr. Lindsay, under whose care he was at this time, pointed out to him his danger from "brain fag," and urged a respite from study.

The Rev. W. A. Quick had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Hart in sunshine and in shade; and his high esteem for him never suffered abatement.

"Did not know and had not heard much about him before I had the pleasure of seeing him. * * * * * He was both sensible and sober minded, besides being a

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

young man of great and varied talents. If the Lord had spared him he would have added to his usefulness in our church considerable service to the State. It is much to his credit as a young man of promise that he was all but successful at the last Stawell election against an experienced politician who had for years represented that constituency."

The opinion entertained of Mr. Hart and the probabilities of his future by the present Minister of Public Works, Alfred Deakin, Esq., are stated in a letter addressed to Mrs. Hart, sen.—

"Dear Madam,—Your son first met me at the Ararat station in order to welcome me to the Stawell Branch of the Australian Natives' Association, then holding its annual meeting. This was, I think, in 1881. A year or so after, when again in Stawell, we met in connection with a similar celebration, and on several occasions he visited me in town. What first attached me to him was his singularly frank, open, loving manner, his almost feminine sweetness of disposition, united to a manly firmness of self-control. He was unique, it seemed to me, in his combination of delicacy and purity of sentiment with masculine energy and will. I found him in Stawell, by natural pre-eminence of ability, the intellectual leader of the youth of the neighborhood, and by his lofty moral character a most potent influence for good among them. Never do I remember noticing a gathering of young men more excellently disciplined by the elevating influence of an elder teacher than there, where many almost as old or older than himself were quietly

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

tutored by him. He had a sweet reasonableness and flow of toleration which enabled him to lead gently but surely many of them towards temperance of habit and higher ideals of life who would have failed to respond to any more assertive authority. His brain development was always palpably over-taxing his physical strength, and though its quality was sound and active it was coupled with an organisation, mental and physical, of extreme fineness. He was withal no formalist, but broad and liberal in his ideas and inclinations. He had a natural bent for humanitarian exertion, and would have been most excellently adapted for the life of a pastor. As it transpired, however, he took a political turn, and threw himself into the investigation and discussion of social problems with all the ardour of a missionary. His was a zeal for the general welfare and for universal enlightenment which raised him above parties, but, at the same time, he was not so visionary as to be in the least afraid to enrol himself in the ranks of practical politicians. He had no fear of the reproach which attaches to the sincere partisan, but accepted the constitutional position, determined to make the best of things as they were and guide future growths in the higher direction. He had marked natural gifts, some of which arose from the simplicity and straightforwardness of his disposition ; others from his habits of thoughtful study and patient enquiry. But he had also the fluency and the *verve* of the public speaker, with a musical voice, a winning presence, and an admirable elocution. It was no wonder, with all these qualifications, that he seemed destined by nature for a career of well-earned fame and large public usefulness.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Patriotism was an especial characteristic of his, which speedily discovered itself. He had an intense feeling of affection for all his brother Australians, and spent a great part of his time in building up and cementing their association and in guiding it to the best ends. Had he lived he would have done much more. As it is, his memory should be precious and sacred to them. What I write may seem something like a panegyric, but it is based wholly and solely upon my knowledge of him. Those who knew him better may add much, but cannot take anything of this testimony away from him. He was deeply and sincerely religious in spirit as well as in form, and recognised clearly that it was the truest and highest inspiration of his whole being and conscious existence. His was thoroughly and nobly a religion of love—of the love which overlooks all surface difficulties and clings to its own reality under any and every guise of race and creed. When I first saw him it was as the eloquent speaker swaying his audience with cultured enthusiasm—the young leader of the young—looked up to by them as a hero and a teacher. Soon after he entered the lists of political warfare, and at once took a high place, narrowly missing a seat in Parliament, and securing the good opinion even of those who opposed him in the contest. When I last saw him he was pale and frail, but placid and peaceful—upon the bed which was to be his death bed, where he had spent month after month of suffering and weary weakness. He was then worn to a shadow, and his wasted hand seemed too feeble to withstand a clasp; but he was self-contained, and resolute, and cheerful still, accepting his lot without murmur and with the almost

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

triumphant resignation of a martyr. It was thus that I last saw him—and shall continue to see him while memory remains—as it seemed and seems to me, in spite of the mystery of his pain and death, a victor over all.—With much sincere sympathy,

"I am, dear Madam, faithfully yours,
"ALFRED DEAKIN."

Such testimonies as these to the ability, goodness, and worth of the departed partakes of a quality akin to that which we ascribe to mercy, in being "twice blessed," inasmuch as the admiration and esteem which we, the living, show for those who have

"Just gone before,—a heart-beat's time,
A grey ant's pace,"

is likely to be repaid with the commendations of those who survive us if we have lived so as to merit them.

The writer would not readily suppose that any young man who reads the above does not wish to live such a life. Mr. Richard H. Hart won the esteem awarded him by avoiding evils against which I will now venture to add a word of warning.

Young men are never far away from those who watch and wait to set soft sins and pleasures before them, and make the pathway to ruin broad and plain. The weakness and inconsistency of humanity is well understood by such betrayers. They delight to put aside the scruples of virtuous youth, and pass them over to pleasure of the sensual kind,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

and smile to see them in its deathly grip. Then soon the will of the victim becomes enervated, the reason confused, the character rendered weak, and the syren smiles on the victims whose marrow she consumes, whose blood she poisons, until they die in hosts from inanition, without sufficient force to resist death or render it desirable that they should live. This is a picture not too highly coloured, and —alas! that it is so—of daily occurrence.

The evil work done by these men reflects the tinct of minds discouraged—withered *blasé* souls, in whom all sense of virtue is blunted by long commerce with vice. Hope within them is dead; they have no horizon beyond the earth, on which they crawl rather than walk: they have no acknowledged father on earth or in heaven, and no pleasure except in degrading others to their own level. Are they not evil spirits in disguise; Mephistophelean personages; characters whose delight it is to crush the better instincts of the youthful heart, to lead it to confound truth and falsehood, right and wrong, until driven to desperation the victim will

"—curse his better angels from his side
And fall to reprobation?"

Associated with such agencies as those just noticed is another subtle seducer, waylaying young men. It is DRINK. Seventy years ago William Cobbett, the celebrated English politicial writer, dedicated a book of advice to young men and women. He was a man not frightened at his own thoughts, nor afraid to express them with, at times, great severity. His advice to young men, however,

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

was sound and kindly, and his opinion on the ruinous effects of this vice, as expressed in the following extract, is recommended with all earnestness to every young man who has in any degree trifled with this evil :—"When this vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even attention to person ; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite." Complimentary doctors are accustomed politely to credit these so called "Eccentricities" to "d. t.," but their doing so connot save those for whom they do it from disgrace, or those dependent on them from ruin. At last it—strong drink—biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like the death-darting cockatrice. One word more on this subject. The words are those of the man who has been designated "the chief literary glory of England"—"O strange! To be now a sensible man, bye-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil." Let young men mark the progressive degradation, and shun strong drink.

By avoiding cards, dice, and the racecourse, you will escape contact with social sponges, bipedal parasites, who seek to secure a hasty wealth by the chances of speculation ; who are ever on the alert to transfer into their pockets the money which ought to remain in your own ; who would enter on the possession of your own pretty cottage with as few qualms of conscience as the hermit-crab has when, after subsisting for a time on the juices of its unlucky occupant, it appropriates to its own use the shell of the whelk. One of these parasites would occupy your home

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

with as much complacency, nay, as proudly and securely, as if built at his own cost.

Avoid, then, the evils of sensuality, drink, and gambling; and not these alone, but every phrase of fast living, for that word means a life of shame and dying as quickly as possible. Who has not observed, alas! how often noble young men, enriched by culture, high-toned, stirred by lofty impulses, men of uncommon promise, commanding a spontaneous admiration from all who look on them, suddenly disappear from public gaze, disappointing most reasonable expectation of their attaining eminence, fall from that to which they have attained in the twinkling of an eye—

"Like a poised eagle whom the lightnings blast."

Let me say to the members of the A.N.A.—practice the kindly and loftier teachings embodied in your own code of laws; then, in addition to escaping the evils against which you are cautioned, you will live to do good, and learn that good deeds seldom cause weariness, and that righteousness never carves wrinkles on the brow. Let those laws be honestly carried into effect, and you will not, either individually or as an association, drift into "a copartnery to do business for the devil without mentioning his name in the firm."

Like to your late Ex-Chairman, learn to know God's will and to do it in every step of life; then most assuredly you, when removed from the place you occupy, shall be followed by such expressions of affection and esteem as those which follow the departed.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

# "DEPARTED."

Departed—never more to go or come;
Leaving men's moans and gibes, and sighs and grins,
Their unbless'd blessings, unrepented sins;—
Departed from among us and gone home!
Thou look'st no more with us on yon blue dome;
Thy laugh no more rings out like these glad rills
That break the purple silence of the hills,
Decking the hard, rough rocks with dazzling foam;
As thou so many years didst deck our lives
With thy bright patience, and the strength which strives
To know God's will and do it, however sore.
Sweet soul! that to the pure heart of a boy
Joined a man's power, to suffer and enjoy.
Six feet in earth we laid thee—and all's o'er!
Not o'er! Forbid it, all ye infinite deeps
Of sky and sea, hills set in amber air:
Why should God make this outward world so fair,
If souls who love Him, He nor loves nor keeps,
But lets slip from Him into deathly sleeps
Of cold corruption? And thee most of all,
Who heard, long ere *we* heard it! the last call,
'Son come up higher,' and through such silent steeps
Of pain toiled upwards to Him. Their desire
Those sure attain who righteously aspire:
Therefore adieu a little while—*à Dieu!*
To God we give thee and to God we tend.
No tears! *thou* wept'st not; but expect us, friend,
In thy far land where the heavens and earth are new.

The Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

F. W. NIVEN AND CO.,
PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, BOOKBINDERS, &C.,
34 STURT STREET, BALLAARAT.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft ®

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 028 814 0

DU
222
H25W67

Univ Calif - Digitized by Microsoft

Unive
Sou
Li